Saturday Review

July 30, 1966 35¢

RECORDINGS

MILITARY POWER: THE LIMITS OF PERSUASION

By Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, USA (Ret.)

The New Performing Arts Center at Saratoga Springs, New York (See Recordings)

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London pageantry: the parades are colorful and frequent.

The Sphinx: almost 5,000 years young.

See the fiery Flamenco in Spain.

Bavaria, Germany—fairyland castles are really the

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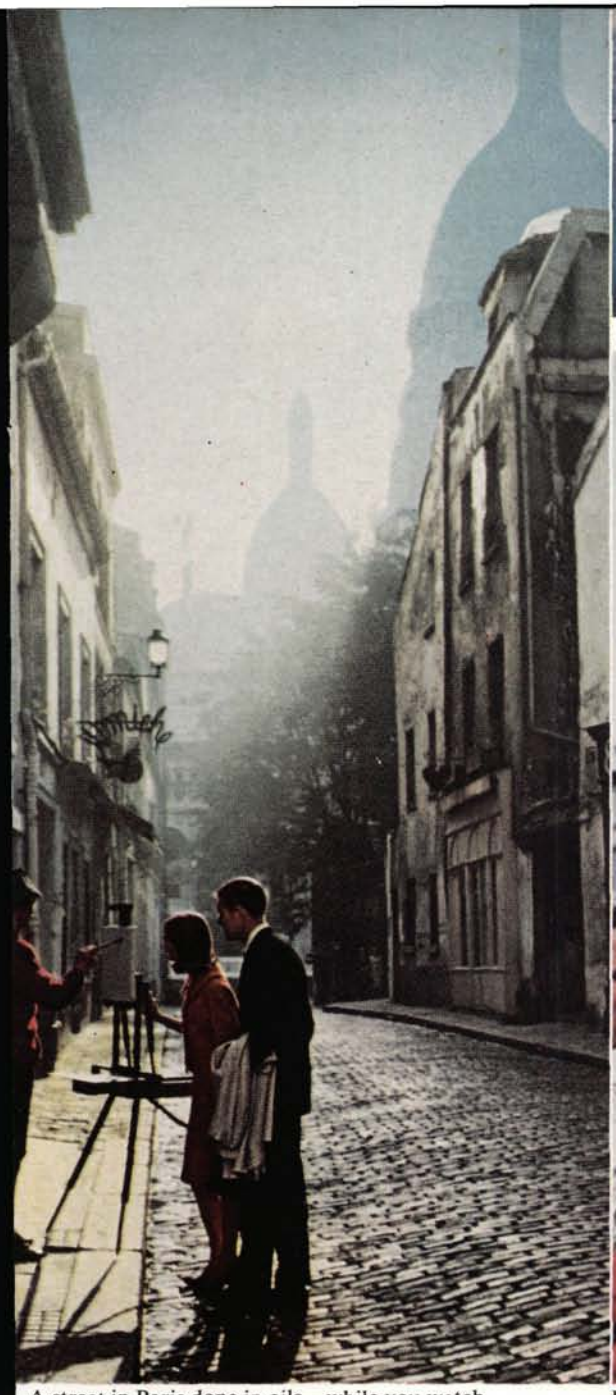
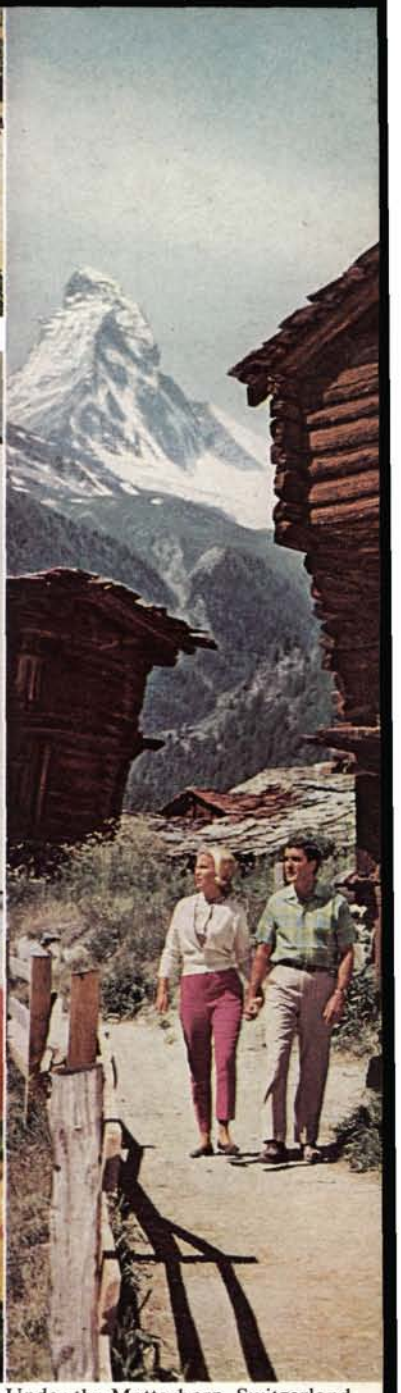


A street in Paris done in oils—while you watch.

Don't miss the Dalmatian Coast, Yugoslavia.

Flowers for Signora? The Spanish Steps, Rome.



Under the Matterhorn, Switzerland.

Soon the summer crowds will leave, and Europe will be left to you.

A room with the view you want. A little cafe with a table waiting. The Continent is all charm, without the clutter. It's friendlier, gayer, more exciting. Festivals spring up from Britain to Budapest. Overtures swell in the famous opera houses. Empty stages fill with great theater. The new season brings out the best of the Old World. A word from you, and it's yours.

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Fire isn't the only way to destroy a forest

(Unwise taxes can do the same thing)

Wild animals join in flight from fire, their enmity momentarily stilled

How? Look at it this way. It takes up to 120 years for some trees to grow from seedling to saw log size. During this time tree farmers must spend money year in and year out to reforest and protect their growing crops from fire, insects and disease.

Fire, of course, is always a risk but it's a risk tree farmers can generally control. Excessive taxation, however, can push total costs to a point where tree farmers would have to operate at a loss, making reforestation impractical.

This could mean the end of growing timber as a crop on privately owned tree farms. The taxes paid by tree farmers today, while heavy, are generally realistic. Unless they are changed unwisely, you can count on tree farms to provide wildlife, recreation and an ever growing range of useful wood products forever. We'd like you to have our free booklet, "Plain Talk About Trees and Taxes." Write us at Box A-35, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

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Saturday Review

July 30, 1966

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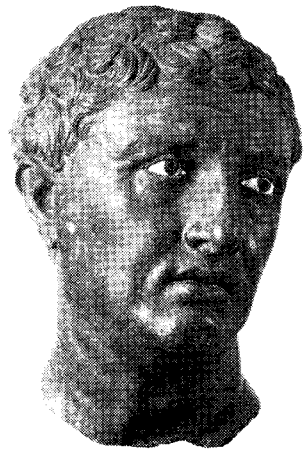

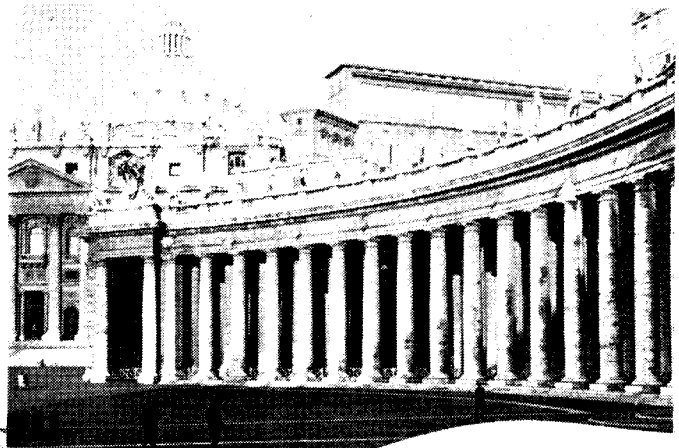

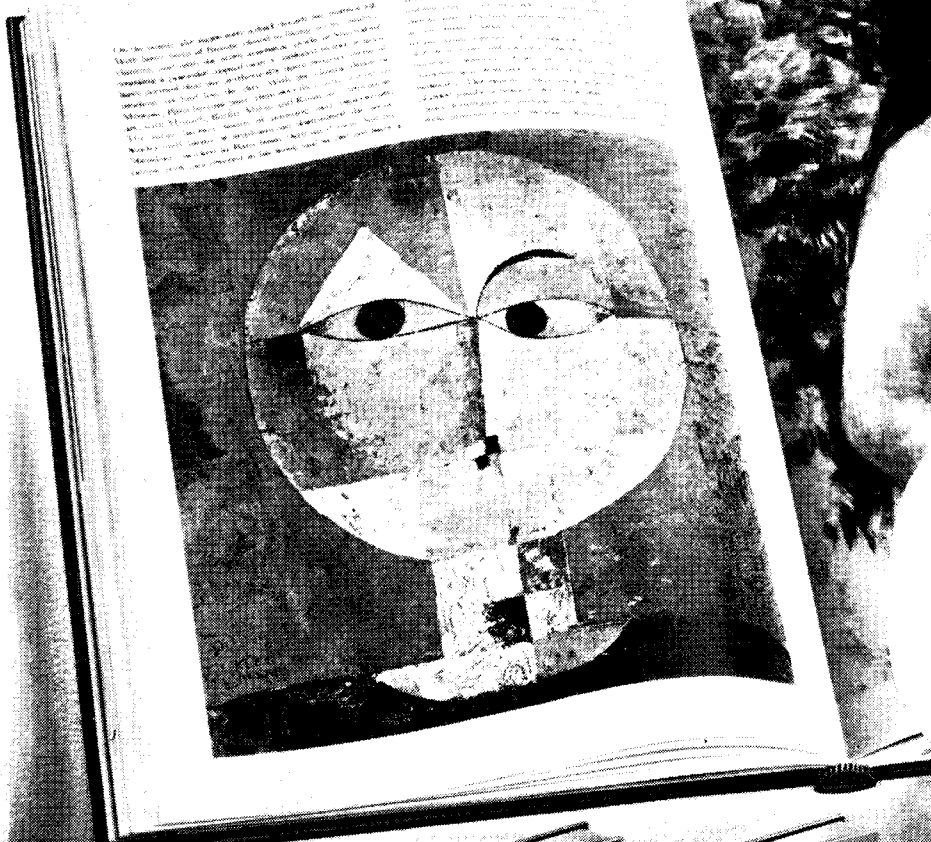

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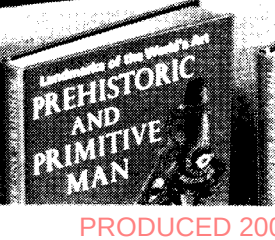

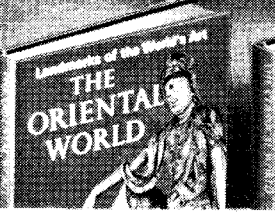

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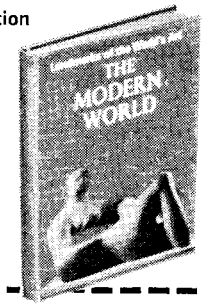

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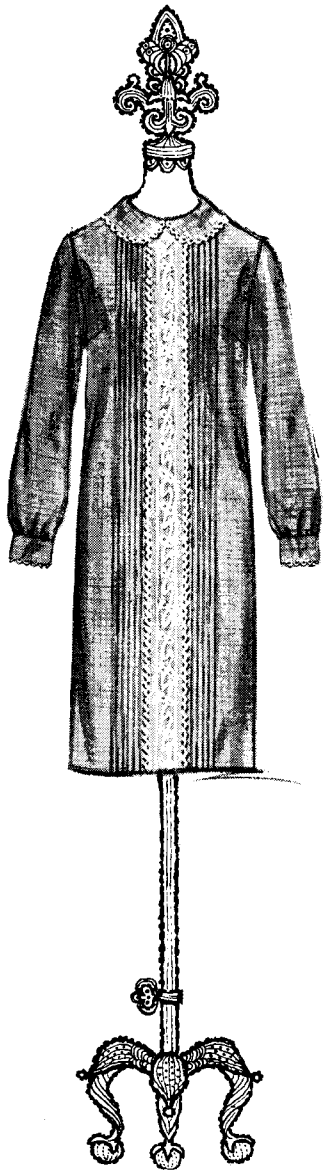

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Pop Mechanics

Edited by Martin Levin

Do-It-Yourself Indeed

A MAN can give himself several hours of armchair frustration by settling down with one of those monthly do-it-yourself magazines like *Everyday Mechanics* and *Popular Technology*. They tell you how to solve home problems you didn't know you had, with special tools, materials, and skills you do not possess.

The magazines give generous space to letters from people who write in and tell how they did something clever. A typical letter:

> My wife was always complaining about her clothesline sagging under a full load of wash. I solved the problem by attaching a six-inch drum spindle to my lathe and turning out a hexagonal spline, chamfered at both ends to take two modified .0019-inch stove bolts. Then I arc-welded a C-clamp to one end, and padded the entire assembly with the felts from an old player piano. Now, by just inserting six cotter-pins in the plate facing, the spring-slung spindle splice shims take up the clothesline slack in a jiffy.

The magazines take for granted that every homeowner has lots of unusual junk lying around, just waiting to be made into something.

> Don't toss out those Sherman Tank thrust bearings! Weld them on the ends of 1936 Oakland camshafts wrapped with 5,000 feet of old trans-atlantic cable stripped of insulation. Bolt on two old seventy-five-pound mushroom anchors, and you have a couple of fine revolving outdoor patio lamp-post barbecue grills!

Sections of the magazines dealing with practical automotive hints are equally frustrating. The problems are familiar, but the solutions are in the twilight zone.

> My windshield wipers kept squeaking. I put in new blades and readjusted the wiper-arms, but they still squeaked, and sometimes rattled above 93 m.p.h. Close examination revealed that the vacuum from the manifold was causing centrifugal feedback. I removed the engine, dashboard, seats, and window cranks, and resoldered the frame so that the vacuum line passed underneath the bell housing instead of on top, where it was being demagnetized by the Babbitt metal. Then I put the engine back in—being careful not to disturb the magneto and timer—and reset the points. The wipers have given me no trouble since.

The magazines contain helpful diagrams. Bundles of wires stick out of boxes. Knobs are fastened to springs fastened to levers attached to little bulbs. Simple abbreviations are used in the captions.

> Do your headlights sometimes go out for several hours, then come back on again? Next time this annoying thing happens, check the A.C. side of the D.C. with a grid dip meter. Zero polarity means a drop in degree days across either VO-5 or GL-70.

Home improvement projects ("Put A Patio Around Your Septic Tank!"—"Turn Your Chimney Into An Effective Laundry Chute!") are impossible to carry out because they make use of new products as listed in the New Products section of each magazine.

Just try to get the new plastic metallic concrete resin at your local drugstore!

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Telegrams

DON SKENE was a writer, and a good one, but by the time he came to us he was pretty far gone in alcohol and there wasn't very much either of us could do for him, except feed him. By us I mean my cousin John Lardner and I. John and I were roommates from the day after my graduation at Ann Arbor in the depths of the Depression summer of 1932 until my marriage in October of 1937. At that marriage, in the Municipal Building, John was my best man, and Don Skene, Sylvia's maid of honor. My father was the only other witness, except for the professionals involved.

Don had come back to the apartment at 37 West 8th Street with John very late one night after a drinking bout in Bleeck's, and John had somehow poured Skene onto the couch in our living room. I was working the day desk at the *Herald Tribune*, and I had quickly found that an all-night drinking bout in Bleeck's and a 9 A.M. city desk routine didn't properly mix, so I was an early bedgoer, and I did not know of Skene's presence until the following morning. Skene was still there that night when I wandered in at sunset. In fact he stayed three years, the living-room couch his bed, his fortress, and, later on, his hospital. He was dead at thirty-nine, a few

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The care and feeding of a Pussycat.

The Volkswagen Karmann Ghia only has the looks of a $5,000 car, not the tastes.

It's a Pussycat.

Sporty on top; economical underneath.

You can keep one going for the same price you'd pay to keep a VW Sedan going.

Just remember these easy-to-remember suggestions.

When stopping for gas, no need to stop at a premium pump. (A Pussycat runs great on regular gas. At, say, 30c a gallon, $3 will stretch into about 300 miles.)

And at, say, 50c a quart for oil, a change won't cost more than $1.50. (It only takes 2½ quarts.)

Keep water off your mind, and always forget to put in antifreeze. (The engine is air-cooled; it can't boil or freeze.)

Also, a Pussycat is very easy on tires. (40,000 miles should pass before you even have to think about new ones.)

And most important, when trouble comes up, head down to a Volkswagen dealer and get charged Volkswagen prices for repairs. (It uses the same mechanical parts that a Beetle uses.)

That's our Pussycat.

It costs less than $2,500, but it may upset the whole ritual of new car buying.

The "good deal" comes after the sale.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA

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months after my marriage to Sylvia.

John said a word an hour—sometimes. But he loved to send telegrams. If John were away just before the World Series, he and Skene would concoct by telegraph the most amazingly complicated bets (which were never paid) on whether the righthanded outfielders would outhit the lefthanded outfielders, or whether Tony Lazzeri would hit more home runs than Gabby Hartnett. Lardner's wires always ended the same way: "Love. John." Our phone bill was prodigious but I couldn't object since John always paid it.

Looking back on it, there wasn't much that John didn't pay for at 37 West 8th Street, except food. Since Skene simply would not eat unless we played "menu" for an hour or so during cocktail time, and he refused anyone's cooking but mine, I had to learn to cook, and cook I did for three years. I can still put together just about everything a drinker likes to eat—highly seasoned stuff, liver and bacon, sliced onion sandwiches, hot chili, practically roaring steak buried in steak sauce. I don't think Sylvia appreciates it.

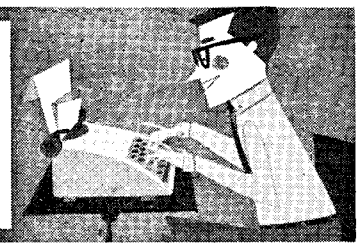
Anyway, the telegrams kept up since John was away a lot. I joined in one bright and shining afternoon when the *Trib*, in a moment of sentimental weakness, added Skene and Jim Lardner to its staff. Jim was John's younger brother, who was later killed fighting in Spain, but he struggled with reporting for a time at the *Trib* before he left forever with the International Brigade. Skene was a natural. He could outwrite just about any sports reporter in town—when sober. So, that happy afternoon I telegraphed John, who was covering spring training at Southern baseball camps, "Tobin is mired, Alsop is tired, Lardner and Skene by the *Tribune* are hired." John immediately telegraphed back, "Love. John." He never wasted words, even in a telegram.

When Sylvia and I were on the high seas on our honeymoon, after the appropriate civil benediction by Philip Hines, we received a cable from John that I wish I'd kept, though I remember the wording exactly: "Philip Hines died today leaving no records. Love. John."

In later years, long after Don Skene's death, when John Lardner was a war correspondent on Okinawa, his mother, Mrs. Ring Lardner, received notification from the War Department that he had been wounded, how badly or in what part of his anatomy no one knew. Several desperate days followed, and I shall never forget the relief, nor the wonderful sense of family, when an excited Mrs. Lardner read me by phone John's succinct, precise cable from a Pacific hospital bed: "Can still sing bass. Love. John." It told it all.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Top of My Head



Rx.

OF COURSE I marvel at all the great new scientific discoveries. I marveled at the Surveyor when it went to the moon with a Polaroid dangling from its typical tourist shoulders and sent back snapshots of its trip. I also marveled at the newspaper photographs of the simulated heart that doctors have managed to fit into the human body.

I marveled but I didn't applaud. In the first place, I never choke up at snapshots of other people's trips. Especially when they're not in color. In the second place, I have a feeling doctors are dazzling us with fancy footwork when they show a simulated heart. It's a sneaky way to get our minds off their failure to cure our common cold.

The feeling was most poignant when Dr. James Goddard, head of our Food and Drug Administration, declared before a convention of confection manufacturers that they should stop making candies that look like pills.

For those who may have forgotten the game, a brief description. It is usually played by a cast of two—a four-year-old girl and her two-year-old brother-patient. She feels her patient's brow and says, "You're sick. I got to give you a antybody and a shot of pensilum."

She puts the candy pill in his mouth and tells him to swallow. Without water. While he's strangling she injects the "pensilum" by sticking him with a pin. As he screams the tension in his throat is released and he is able to swallow the candy pill.

Dr. Goddard objects to this game. It's not that the little girl is practicing without a license. The good doctor feels strongly that when she grows tall enough to reach the medicine cabinet she may play the game Russian-roulette style, with the real stuff.

The doctor also wants the drug people to stop manufacturing drugs made more palatable for children by disguising them as candies. One of the prevalent drug novelties is a lollipop containing aspirin. Dr. Goddard would like this lollipop barred. He feels medicine should be medicine and candy should be candy and never the twain shall meet.

I agree with the doctor on this but perhaps for a different reason. My diagnosis is that sucking on aspirin lollipops may get rid of the kid's headache, but after several years he'll have more trouble with the toothache from the cavity he's developed sucking aspirin lollipops.

Kids in my day were made of sterner stuff. Taking medicine was a bitter pill. But thanks to the wonderfully gentle and loving care of my parents the administration of a drug was quickly and tenderly accomplished. My mother pulled my head back by my hair; my father, wearing rubber gloves to prevent being bitten, forced open my tightly clenched jaws; and my uncle, a bowler, popped the pill into the open cavern.

I screamed for an hour or two after that. This led to a trauma—for years every time I saw a bottle stuffed at the top with cotton I screamed. Incidentally, if you've ever wondered why they put cotton into the top of a medicine bottle, it's to stuff in your ears so you won't hear yourself screaming from the pain you have.

But getting back to Dr. Goddard, and with all due respect to his caduceus and high office, I differ with another therapeutic pronouncement he made before the confectioners' convention. He asked them please to stop the manufacture of candy cigarettes.

Now I ask you, Dr. Goddard, in the friendliest of petulance, what on earth is wrong with kids smoking candy cigarettes? Is it habit-forming? Is it cancer-forming? Will a candy cigarette affect the cogs and ratchets and various and sundry plumbing of the simulated hearts you're about to install in all of us?

And if it is habit-forming where's the harm? Of course, it would seem odd to see a grown man standing at the end of a bar drinking a mug of beer with a candy cigarette dangling from his lips.

I think the doctor is on a lost cause here and has a fight on his hands. I know thousands of candy-cigarette users who would rather fight than switch. As one little girl told me, "Candy cigarettes are fully packed . . . and they are mild!" She said they taste good, as a cigarette should. (Notice her grammar, doctor?) I asked her where she got them. She pointed to a small boy with her.

Now, doctor, would you want that small lad fettered by the question that seems to bedevil most of our male adults today—"Should a boy offer a candy cigarette to a girl?"

—Goodman Ace.

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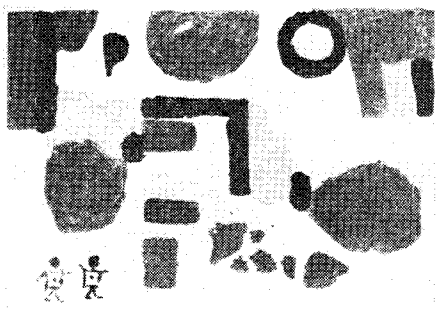

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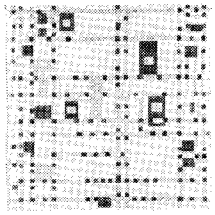

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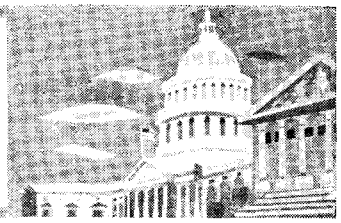

Daylight in the Tunnel

WASHINGTON.

IT HAS BECOME customary among Vietnam-watchers in Washington to fasten their seat belts whenever the Administration goes into a spin of optimism. Now, the administration has gone into rather more than that—something of a loop would be nearer the mark.

After so many false expressions of hope in the past it is not surprising that this new phase is accompanied by a good deal of skepticism outside the government. Nor is it surprising that after a depressing spring, when the South Vietnamese, for all their internal political upheavals, almost forgot who the real enemy was, any improvement is lapped up like fresh water by the thirsty. Furthermore, when a new and risky step is taken such as the recent raids on the oil depots – which caused a shudder in many around the world—it is not unnatural to assert that if we can only get around this corner we shall begin to see light at the end of the tunnel.

The most optimistic statement for quite some time was that made by President Johnson at his press conference at the ranch on July 5: "If we could only solve the problem in Vietnam, and we are on the way to doing that, we could have a world that is rather peaceful and generally prosperous."

His hopes that he is now on the way to "solving the problems in Vietnam" are based on the mounting number of reports from the battle fronts that the North Vietnamese jungle fighters and the Vietcong guerrillas have at last found their match, that the American troops have learned how to cope with this kind of warfare and are meting out punishment at the rate of better than three to one in their favor. If China really fails to reinforce the North Vietnamese, then Hanoi may well have to scale down the intensity of this war. Moreover, reports have reached Washington from various sources that the North Vietnamese are growing war-weary—though none of this intelligence suggests that they are ready to come to the conference table as well.

An improvement in the political situation in South Vietnam is also contributing to a more cheerful outlook. The Buddhists have failed in their attempts to unseat the Ky Government, and the Vietcong have failed to take advantage of the Buddhist rebellions in Danang and Hue. Preparations for the election of a constituent assembly are proceeding. And, looking beyond Vietnam, there are even better reasons for feeling that American influence is gaining while China's is, for the time being, receding.

In Indonesia, Communism has been decisively rejected and the new rulers, while wishing to remain unaligned, are nevertheless leaning toward the West wherein lie the means to restore economic stability in this badly disrupted country. Malaysia and the British are relieved that the so-called confrontation with Indonesia is coming to an end—a fact that may be ratified within a month. Thailand, too, feels stronger, and the economic growth in Formosa and South Korea is impressive. Even relations between South Korea and Japan have improved to a point where planeloads of Japanese tourists have become a common and welcome sight. Then, of course, there is the political turmoil inside China, which is likely to prevent her from launching into fresh and risky adventures.

Further away, India is now less preoccupied with her security against China than with her internal difficulties, and there are signs that a new leaf may be turned in Indo-Pakistan relations. In even more distant Africa the President's aides take comfort in the fact that with men like Nkrumah and Ben Bella gone, a more moderate trend has set in. In Europe the talk now is about bridge-building between East and West. The so-called Berlin task force, which in the days of Khrushchev's ultimata, drew up contingency plans, has been quietly disbanded.

Thus the panorama of world events as viewed by the President through the eyes of his experts, looks encouraging—but for Vietnam. And the United States must not fail in Vietnam, the experts argue, or much of the progress elsewhere will be lost.

Britain and India are anxious to induce a negotiated solution and the President gives these attempts a public blessing, but if one were to succeed at this stage he would probably be somewhat embarrassed—for the political situation in Saigon is still precarious, and the September elections have yet to give legitimacy to a South Vietnamese Gov-

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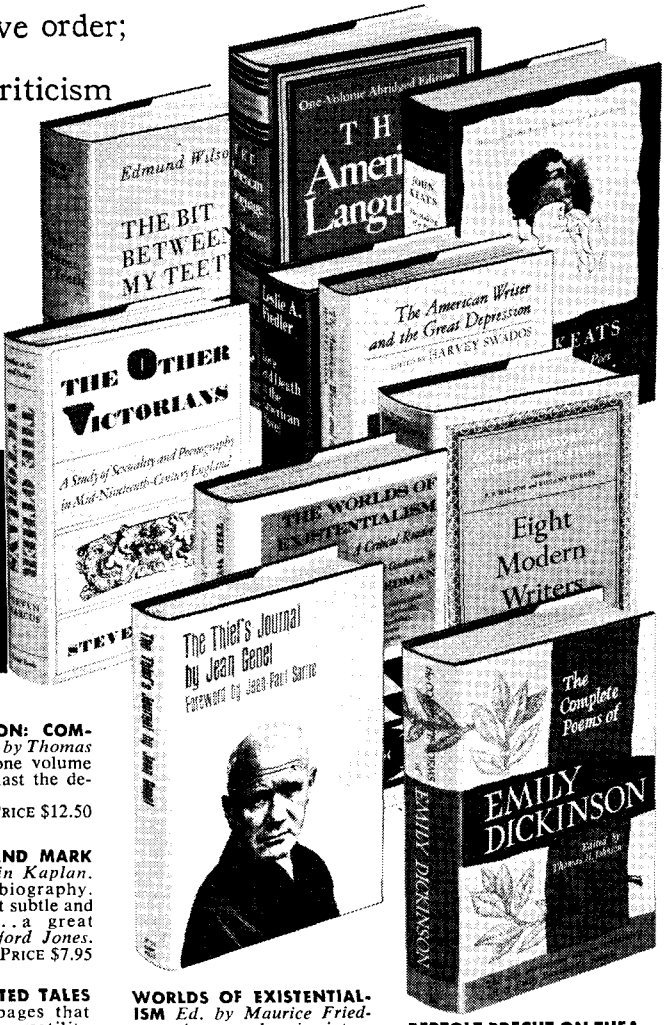
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ernment. Once this has been accomplished the President's aides believe events may follow the pattern in South Korea: that country, after forming a constitution and holding elections, gained in stability to a point where today it is no longer on Washington's sick list; in fact, it arouses nothing but parental pride.

But the "danger" of negotiations does not seem real. General de Gaulle found it exceedingly difficult to prevail upon his Russian hosts in Moscow to discuss Vietnam — the Soviets, who are co-chairmen of the Geneva Conference, plainly don't think Hanoi is ready to agree to talks—and all those diplomats who have gone to sample the mood in Hanoi, from the Canadians to the Rumanians, have left empty-handed.

And so the President's emphasis now is on military power. The saying in Washington until recently was that neither side could win this war. Now the possibility of a military victory is being treated as credible by the President and his spokesmen. Whether in fact this is possible no one really knows, but at least it may help, they hope, to change the mood.

Americans are easily discouraged and impatient with bad news, and this has been their diet out of Vietnam for a long time now. More and more their discouragement has been reflected in President Johnson's declining popularity ratings. What, after all, can be more frustrating than to see the casualties rise, yet be told that all the sacrifices will lead not to victory but, at best, to a stalemate?

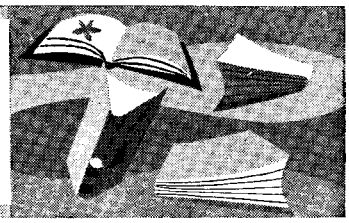
It is the prospect of success that traditionally helps to overcome the ugliness of war. Mr. Johnson does not like to see his popularity plummeting; even less, to suffer heavy losses in an election, which, judging by what Ho Chi Minh has been saying to foreign visitors, would only strengthen Ho's resolve to hold out ad infinitum. Certainly the last thing the President wants is to have this war drag on into the election year of 1968. It is, therefore, not surprising that he grasped the first straw of hope in an effort to change the despairing mood of this spring by a bolder prosecution of the war, by a more impressive display of the panoply of American military might.

This seems to have satisfied those who favored a more vigorous engagement in Vietnam. And if, by October, the President decides to launch one more peace offensive, he may even be able then to rally both hawks and doves to his support on the eve of the elections.

—Henry Brandon.

—Vick Volk.

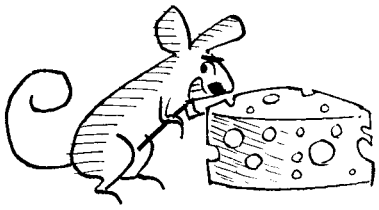
Trade Winds



Groucho Marx, a pundit I've admired for many years, was once asked in one of his films: "What are you—a man or a mouse?"

"Just put some cheese on the floor," Groucho replied, "and see what happens."

Whether this bit of banter was pointing toward the recent impression that



the modern American male is on the decline in contrast to the American woman, I'm not sure. But Myron Brenton is taking a long hard look at the situation in his new book, *The American Male: A Penetrating Look at the Masculinity Crisis* [see review page 29].

I had lunch with Mr. Brenton at the Museum of Modern Art recently, and he told me a little about how he came to write the book.

"There are dozens of books on the modern woman," he said, "but practically none about the male. Actually, my title is a little misleading. The book looks at both sexes in contrast to the rigid and somewhat distorted viewpoint of some recent books. Its main theory is that the patriarchal system has created a great deal of harm, and that ideally we should accept people as people, instead of as members of different sexes. We go along assuming that the male is the breadwinner and the female is the mother—and the two seldom relate to each other."

Brenton's research included interviews with more than fifty experts in the field of the behavioral sciences. He was shocked at how many experts still support the patriarchal system, including one psychoanalyst who feels that the father should never feed the baby, change diapers, or any of the things he customarily does to help a weary mother along.

On the contrary Brenton says, "the sexualizing of traits has always been overdone. There's no reason why a father can't assume a mother's role at the times he feels like it, and vice versa. There's been entirely too much rigidity. As I mention in the book, the male has the choice of accepting the fact that he is becoming less hard and rough—and that the female is becoming more competent and adventuresome as signs that the sexes are reversing roles—or as evidence that both of them are becoming more civilized."

Brenton takes umbrage with the theory that the American male is declining; to him, the male role is merely shifting. "He's neither emasculated nor as psychically powerful as he once was," Brenton believes. "Remember that all through history, he was never as dominating and influential as he might have thought he was. While this country was being settled, the women took over the education and child-raising, while the men were out in the fields and woods. The women had the real influence."

Brenton believes his stance on the subject is likely to bring opposition from males and applause from females. From my own point of view, I wasn't altogether aware that there was a masculinity crisis brewing. I've been under the impression that the male is always

on a plateau of problems and always will be. I, myself, recently was involved in taking care of a five-year old for three hours, and also pitching in on some housework. My firm conclusion is that the male is a lot better off in the woods and fields.

More objective evidence has come my way that the whole subject is entirely too complex to analyze. One feminine reader wrote me not long ago that she does thirty-five laps every day in her swimming pool, working, meanwhile, on mental games to pass the time and to keep from getting stale. This is enough to give any male an inferiority complex. Another story, reportedly accurate, seems to indicate that the patriarchal system is pretty ineffective, even among royalty.

It seems that, back in 1934, when the Cunard line was getting ready to name one of its greatest ocean liners, the consensus was that it should be

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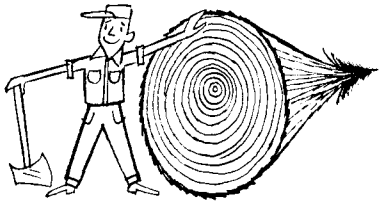
named after Queen Elizabeth I. A high official is reported to have had an audience with King George V. "We would like to name the ship after England's greatest queen," he told the king.

"Well," said King George, "I shall have to ask her."

The ship was promptly named *Queen Mary.*

Or maybe the whole problem might be that there's a crisis within both sexes—in other words, among people. The Reverend Harry Taylor of Portland, Oregon might have had this in mind when he wrote me about the cannibal who went to consult a psychiatrist. He was fed up with people.

In any event, males would have nothing to worry about if they were like the scrawny, pallid little man who applied for a job as a lumberjack at a tough Canadian lumber camp in days gone by. The foreman at the camp took one look at the unmanly specimen,



and was ready to boot him quickly out of the vicinity. The man persuaded the foreman to let him take a crack at a big Douglas fir nearby, however, and marched over to the tree with an ax as big as himself. Within seconds, the tree was on the ground.

"Wait a minute," said the foreman. "Where did a squirt like you ever learn to cut trees down like that?"

"Well," said the ninety-seven-pound weakling, "I got most of my experience in the Sahara Forest."

"Sahara *Forest*?" said the foreman. "I thought that was the Sahara *Desert.*"

The little man shrugged. "Yeah—*now,*" he said. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1685)

ISABELLA GARDNER: *SUMMERS AGO*
(From *The Looking Glass*)

For Edith Sitwell:

Children, I told you I tell you our sun
was a hail of gold . . .
Sister and brother I your mother
Once was a girl in skirling weather . . .
Though summer and swan must alter,
falter,
I waltzed on the water once, son and
daughter.

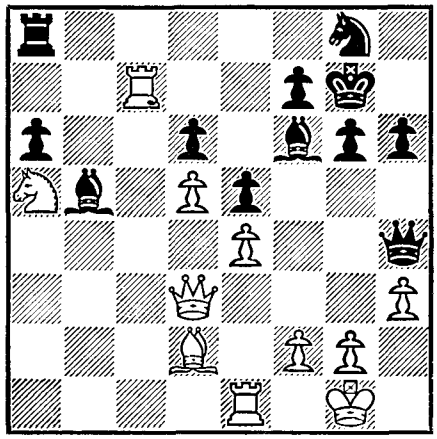
Chess Corner No. 103

ONE CLASSIC opening alone, a debut originated by a Spanish priest in the earliest years of the development of European chess, the Ruy Lopez, is still a mighty weapon.

Most of the other attacking openings of the past, such as the Giuoco Piano, the Scotch, the Vienna and King's Gambit, have seen their heyday. But the prestige of the Lopez persists, for it offers wide latitude for far-reaching strategic play.

The game below between Evfim Geller of the Soviet Union and Aleksander Matanovic of Yugoslavia illustrates the manifold problems facing the defender in this opening. And he is not equal to the occasion. While he shuffles around with his Knights and defends his King, White diverges on the opposite wing. Queen-side sorties and sallies against the precarious position of Black's Queen leave Black's defenses in dire confusion. Note that Black's sacrifice of the exchange is more or less forced. For 25 . . . KR-N1 is met by 26 B-Q2 and 27 RxP, when Black's position falls apart.

Geller White	Matanovic Black	Geller White	Matanovic Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	15 P-QN4	N-R2
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	16 P-B4	PxBP
3 B-N5	P-QR3	17 QNxP	B-N2
4 B-R4	N-B3	18 B-N3	K-R1
5 O-O	B-K2	19 B-N2	N-N1
6 R-K1	P-QN4	20 R-QB1	N-N4
7 B-N3	O-O	21 NxN	QxN
8 P-B3	P-Q3	22 Q-Q2	B-B3
9 P-KR3	P-R3	23 Q-Q3	KR-N1
10 P-Q4	R-K1	24 N-R5	RxP
11 QN-Q2	B-B1	25 B-B3	RxB
12 P-QR4	B-Q2	26 NxR	BxQRP
13 B-B2	P-N3	27 B-Q2	Q-R5
14 P-Q5	N-K2	28 RxP	K-N2
	29 N-R5	B-QN4	



30 Q-R3	B-K2	33 BxP	NxKP
31 N-B6	B-B1	34 BxPch	K-N1
32 B-N4	N-B3	35 Q-KB3	P-B4
	36 P-Q6	Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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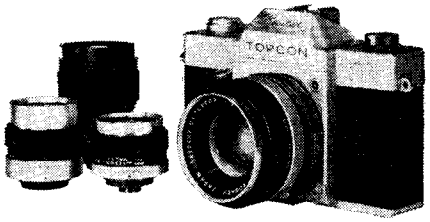

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MILITARY POWER:

Economic strength and technological change,

By JAMES M. GAVIN,
Lieutenant General, USA (Ret.).

SINCE the beginning of time power has been used to persuade. Yet, paradoxically, at a time when we possess more power than any nation on earth, we are not very persuasive. It is frustrating and baffling, and public debate on the use of power in Vietnam rages throughout the land. Perhaps it would be well to examine the nature of our power and, more important, its changing character since World War II.

Usually we think of power in terms of military power—military weapons systems—and most of us have long considered these to be the primary source of power in world affairs. Of course, to exist, military power must have a base of economic support. In all past experience only a society that had the natural resources and, in addition, the inventiveness and industries to produce modern weapons systems, could bring them to combat and thus gain a decision in international conflict. Hence, from history we are inclined to think of military power as the dominant force, and the economic power which supports it as a *secondary* source of military strength.

History is replete with examples of aggressor nations' adding to their total power by taking from others. In an excellent and comprehensive volume, *Power*, written in the 1930s, Bertrand Russell expressed it this way, "Economic power, unlike military power, is not primary but derivative." He then went on to illustrate how military power had been used to seize vast colonial empires from which great wealth could be extracted; wealth in minerals, oils, and arable lands, for example. Hence, the nation that could seize the most resources could, in the long run, develop the most powerful military forces.

I believe that there is a fundamental change taking place, and indeed it has taken place, in this relationship between military and economic power. Fundamentally, today technology can, if wisely directed, provide adequate resources for humans to live comfortably on this earth. At the same time, technology can, if so exploited, provide the weapons systems to destroy a major portion of the human race. Finally, technology is having, and will continue to have, such a tremendous impact on world affairs that it is changing the balance between economics and military power significantly. It is this change that I would like to examine.

FIRST, let me call attention to the talk given by our Secretary of Defense in Montreal on May 18. He referred to the sources of unrest and discontent around the world, and emphasized that security is not military hardware; security means economic development. In fact, he stated flatly that, in his opinion, the concept that military hardware is the exclusive or even the primary ingredient of permanent peace in the mid-twentieth century is absurd.

During the past twenty years I have been closely associated with the use of military power, the planning and execution of national military policy, and, to a lesser extent, the conduct of foreign policy. To say that it has been an extremely active environment is an understatement, for we never have had such amounts of power available nor have we had so many problems associated with its use. And never has there been such widespread interest in our many commitments and involvements abroad, nor so much social turbulence at home.

Having been in the vortex of much of the discussion, I find it deeply disturbing that we have *yet* to get to the heart of the matter. To do so we must understand, and articulate, in much clearer terms than we have so far, our total *diplomatic* and *political* power, for this is the power that persuades: the economic, technological, and military components of such power. Part of this examination will be a consideration of the role that each of these will play in our national strategy.

Actually, we have been doing very well in the realm of economics and technology, especially during the past decade. It is in the area of applied military power, tactical military power, that most of the misunderstandings and frustrations seem to exist. In order to understand their cause, therefore, I believe that we should begin with an examination of the meaning of the most significant military event of our time—the detonation of the first nuclear weapon.

The shock waves from the Hiroshima blast went far beyond those predicted by the nuclear physicists. Nothing in our country's history has had a comparable impact upon foreign policy and military affairs. Governments have fallen, coalitions of nations have been formed and reformed to cope with the problems caused by the bomb's existence. The bomb was at the heart of de Gaulle's rejection of Great Britain's desire to join the European Common Market. The bomb was ever present in the mind of President Kennedy and his advisors at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. The bomb today casts a long shadow over all discussions on the future of NATO. For the fundamental nature of military power changed significantly with the advent of the bomb.

FEW realized in 1945 that the bomb was the beginning of the end, if not indeed the very end, of man's search for energy to be used as military force. The more prevalent view was that a new era was born—the age of atomic force. Now, twenty years later, we understand better the place of the bomb in the spectrum of history. It was the end, not the beginning of an era. It was the end of man's search for force and it marked a beginning of a new quest—the search to find new ways and means of influencing the behavior of other humans. It was to be the age when the earth would shrink rapidly due to high speed air travel,

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Saturday Review
July 30, 1966

THE LIMITS OF PERSUASION

not war, now have the greatest impact on foreign affairs.

space exploration, satellite communications, and rapid data processing systems, for example. More and more the nations of the earth were to consider themselves part of one large world community; the logical end of an evolutionary process that began many thousands of years ago with the family, tribal, and city-state, and later, national groupings.

Furthermore, in the armed forces the physical effects of the bomb alone made plain for all to see that all the boundaries between the traditional arenas of combat, land, sea, and air, were wiped out. The earth was soon to become one theater of operations, shrunken to such small size that no area was immune from attack from any other point on the globe. And when, in the traditional manner, our military recalled its own experience for answers to deal with the new problems of the day, it did not find them. For the answers were not to be found in a remembrance of things past, they could be found only in a thoughtful analysis of the future, in a profound search for the meaning of the period that we were about to enter. The classical military formula of escalating power until total victory would be achieved was to become absolutely meaningless. For wars, if there were to be wars, and the means that would resolve them, were going to be many orders of magnitude different from what they had been in the past.

IN 1950, five years after the end of World War II and Hiroshima, Soviet-equipped North Koreans invaded South Korea. It was a costly experience for us. Possessing the most powerful military establishment in the world, well-equipped with nuclear weapons, we suffered more than 140,000 casualties and had to accept terms less than victory. Yet, despite the Korean experience our national strategic policy in the mid-Fifties was still based on massive retaliation. Admittedly there was much argument and discussion about the validity of this view. Indeed, our Promethean achievement seemed to have left us in intellectual disarray.

But from the mid-Fifties on, our total power seemed to paralyze our intellectual processes, and our response to challenges of lesser magnitude than total war were of a diminishing degree of credibility. This was because a number of myths prevailed in our thinking, and they stemmed from a tendency to look inward to our experience rather than to postulate technology and political trends into the rather clouded and hazardous unknown of the future.

The first myth is that war is a continuation of politics by other means. This Clausewitzian orthodoxy holds that wars will be fought and won, and sufficient power will be applied until they are won. Then war will be followed by peace, a period in which politics as usual will be the preoccupation of the world powers. This, in turn, very likely will be followed by a period of war, and the difference between the two will be quite discernible. I believe that by now most of us realize that this no longer is true.

In his recent Montreal speech, our Secretary of Defense discussed conflicts of recent years and pointed out that in the past eight years "there have been no less than 164 internationally significant outbreaks of violence, each of them specifically designed as a serious challenge to the authority, or the very existence, of the government in question. . . . And not a single one of the 164 conflicts has been a formally declared war." From this experience, realistically, we must conclude that wars will not always be declared and that nations will not always commit their total resources to win in every confrontation. There will be wars that are not wars, if defined in terms of our experience before Hiroshima. In fact, for some nations it may be wiser to keep a shooting war limited and undeclared while pursuing national goals by other means, never admitting the existence of a war nor indeed a desire to bring it to an end.

The author: Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, USA (Ret.), was one of the Army's most famous World War II paratroop commanders, and a senior Army planner and strategist until his retirement in 1958. His writings include *Airborne Warfare* (1947) and *War and Peace in the Space Age* (1958). He also has served as U.S. Ambassador to France, and now is chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Arthur D. Little, Inc., management consultants, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

—*Pix.*
General Gavin

THE second myth is that if you destroy enough people and enough property you will overcome an enemy's will to resist. A corollary to this is that a nation should use as much force as necessary to win, since in war there is no substitute for victory. Actually, the nature of conflict being what it is, and the danger of a nuclear holocaust being ever present, it is compelling that solutions less than total war be found. The indiscriminate use of power has been further complicated by modern communications media that now bring more and more detailed information about the conduct of war into every home. The inevitable, and needless, loss of civilian lives has become the subject of concern to more than just the contending military forces. Thus, sensitivity to public opinion has made it necessary to consider restricting attacks to military targets whenever this

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is possible. Unless, of course, the nation's goal is to seek total war.

A third aspect of existing military thinking deserves mention. The thought still persists in many minds that the ultimate in sophistication and usefulness in weapons systems is the high-yield megaton bomb delivered by missile or aircraft. By its very nature it is believed that it should be able to cope with almost any threat to our survival. The fact is that it is the very effectiveness of our strategic air force, and the overwhelming, devastating potential of H-weapons, that prevents their employment in a conflict other than total war. And again, it is the devastation that would be caused by the use of these weapons by the strategic air arm that has given tremendous emphasis to the role of the other Services; those that have it in their ability to apply power with discrimination, flexibility, and restraint. It is this possibility of devastation that gives great emphasis to the need to find and understand the uses of other forms of power stemming from our science and technological programs and our great economic strength.

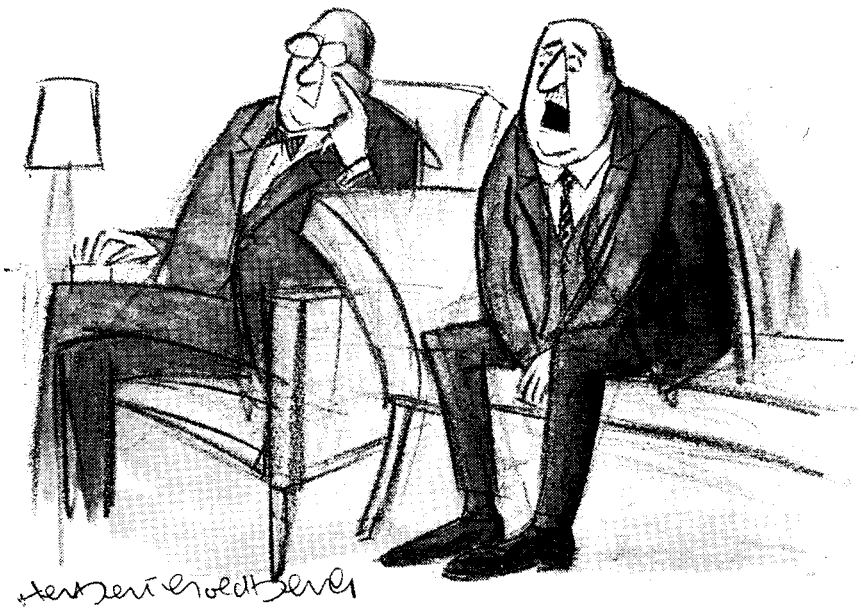
THE changing nature of conflict today makes it imperative that we develop better means of dealing with limited wars, guerrilla wars, and other types of conflicts that we cannot yet anticipate with accuracy, but which will not be total war. Studies in these areas will require great effort not only in anticipation and planning, but in research and development as well.

Until World War II, we were protected by a shield of time and space. And while we were enjoying that protection, Hitler's forces ravaged Europe and, more important, his scientists developed the first surface-to-surface rockets, surface-to-air rockets, air-to-air rockets, the snorkel submarine, the first jet plane and the first rocket plane, nerve gas, etc. And he came close to developing the atomic bomb. After we entered the war, and finally overran his concentration camps, we found the gas ovens being enlarged—and he had already destroyed more than 6,000,000 human beings. Today we no longer enjoy the advantage of time and space. Our armed forces must be ready for every challenge that confronts our nation regardless of how sophisticated the weapon or the technology from which it springs. This will require a continuing expenditure of our national resources if we are to achieve an adequate state of readiness for every reasonable challenge. And this, in turn, necessitates a dynamic, imaginative, productive economy.

How good is our economy?

Most people will remember that after World War II the Soviets anticipated an economic collapse of the West, believing that our economy was entirely a war-based one. What we have accomplished has been truly remarkable, and during the past twenty years our economy at home has expanded at a tremendous rate. It is vital that we sustain this growth.

In 1966 our Gross National Product will be in excess of $700 billion. Our industry is doing very well. During the decade beginning in 1955 combined annual sales of the 500 largest industrial corporations increased by $100 billion (from $161 billion to $266 billion). Corporate profits last year before taxes were $73 billion, an increase of $9 billion over the previous year. Per-capita income reached $2,700 last year, a 6 per cent increase over 1964 income. Personal income was a record high of $528 billion, up $35 billion over the previous year.



"I'm not getting any kicks out of the American dream . . ."

These are impressive statistics. We should have no apprehension whatsoever about the outcome of any competition with the Communist countries in the realm of economics. Our apprehension, if any, should be concerned with whether or not we use our resources wisely and well: to provide a good society at home, to aid the emerging young nations abroad, while at the same time we provide our armed forces with weapons systems adequate to meet the broad spectrum of challenges that will confront us. We must give serious attention to the problems of exporting our economy abroad.

ONE of the most remarkable and far-sighted programs ever undertaken by any country was the inauguration of our foreign assistance program in 1949. Through it, we were able to provide economic assistance, wherever it could be properly used, to the newly emerging nations as well as to many of the older powers. In 1949, this program amounted to a little over $4.5 billion and was 1.75 per cent of our Gross National Product. It has been overwhelmingly successful, and today South Korea, Taiwan, and Indonesia, for example, all are monuments to the achievements of this program. In addition, a country geographically almost a part of the Eastern bloc, Yugoslavia, was able to achieve economic prosperity and retain its political independence from Moscow.

Our foreign aid program has been overwhelmingly successful in areas where the Communists can least afford to have us succeed. In areas where they would like to accuse us of colonialism and, indeed, do accuse us of economic colonialism today, we have been able in many countries to help achieve an unprecedented standard of living, far superior to anything that the Communists could offer. This has been accomplished despite the fact that we have steadily reduced the amount of foreign aid until today, in 1966, it is but .48 per cent of our Gross National Product, compared to 1.75 per cent at its inception in the late 1940s.

There is an old combat maxim that one should reinforce success; this we are not doing. In speaking at the Boston University Commencement exercises in June of this year, Lady Barbara Ward Jackson recommended that the "have" nations such as the United States, contribute 1 per cent of their Gross National Product to help the underprivileged and underdeveloped countries. Some attribute our unwillingness to do so to the cost of the Vietnam war. If so, this at least raises the question of whether or not we may now be following a course inimical to our long-term strategic interests.

Another area in which Americans

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have achieved great success has been in the exportation of products and business know-how. Our exports, which amounted to approximately $37 billion in 1950, have grown to well in excess of $100 billion in the mid-Sixties. Our direct investment abroad has increased from $25 billion to $50 billion in the same period of time. In addition to this direct investment, we have indirectly invested $20 billion through stocks and portfolio holdings. Our direct investment abroad is now increasing at an average of more than $10,000,000 a day. With this investment we have exported entrepreneurial skills and management techniques that have proven to be very attractive to the Western world. So successful has this been that the return on our investments abroad today amounts to $4 billion annually.

This has all been possible because of a burgeoning economy at home and the aggressive drive of our businessmen to find markets and business opportunities abroad. At the same time, businessmen have sought to raise the standards of living wherever they have marketed their products and services. In this they have been, by and large, very successful. There is nothing that the Communists have done, or so far can do, that can compare with this. It is with great uneasiness, therefore, that thoughtful businessmen consider restrictions on the flow of dollars overseas. For the export of our entrepreneurial skills and products has been one of the most successful undertakings of foreign affairs in the history of our country, and the most productive of good in our confrontation with the Communist bloc. No tactical conflict, whether it be undeclared war or not, should be allowed to expand at their expense.

MAINTENANCE of our position in the world community is based not only on those programs that we export abroad, but also on the kind of a society we have at home. World opinion will be formed by not only the prosperity and higher standard of living that we can help other nations achieve, but also by what the world knows that we are able to do in our own society. Through our ability to manage our own internal affairs, we export an image of America and of our way of life. And in this area there is much to be done.

We have made progress in dealing with some of the problems of the aged and of the very young, but, in my opinion, we have not yet begun to deal adequately with the problems of the teen-agers and the near teen-agers. We must completely revitalize our educational system by bringing together the vast industrial, scientific, and technological resources of this country with our educators, to the end that we can significantly improve the education and technical training of our young. In addition, we must provide opportunities for those out of school for some time to return to educational centers to update their knowledge and to learn new skills.

"On that question, too, I must remain silent. My only statement at the moment, and you may quote me, is 'Let's go, Mets!'"

Equally as important as directing the intellectual energies of our young people into useful channels is the problem of helping them to develop their physical talents. Very few countries do not have national amateur sports programs assisted and guided by a national council; the United States is one of them. It was the hope of our late President, John F. Kennedy, that some day every boy and girl, regardless of race or economic background, would be given an opportunity to achieve excellence in competitive amateur sports. President Johnson directed a study to this end some time ago, and, it is hoped, a program will be under way this year. The solution of this problem is intimately related to the problems typified by Watts.

Now, what does this discussion on the relationship between military power and economic programs mean when applied to problems of today? What, for example, does it mean in terms of Vietnam?

I think that we would all agree that we should not be in the predicament that we are in in Vietnam, but the fact is that we are there. The problem now is to handle our resources—men, weapons, aircraft, etc.—in such a manner as to neither impair our strategic efforts in other areas nor our tactical prospects in future conflicts. The cost of the Vietnamese involvement now is on the order of $16 to $18 billion a year. This has already made it necessary for us to curtail the flow of dollars overseas. We have also continued to cut back on our foreign aid programs. Our domestic economy is beginning to show the impact of the Vietnam struggle.

Obviously, we have reached the point where further escalation could seriously impair our strategic commitments—our exportation of capital and management skills, our foreign aid programs, and our science and technology programs—and our social programs at home. Perhaps we have passed this point. Furthermore, we should anticipate and be ready for a very serious struggle for Thailand and the Kra Peninsula. And if our involvement plunges us deeper into war in Southeast Asia, we should be prepared for a reopening of the Korean front. It is important, therefore, that we accelerate the measures to bring the Vietnam situation under control. Certainly, we should not willingly allow it to escalate.

For example, our present position in Vietnam is based upon the need to defeat the North Vietnamese aggressors who have carried their attack into South Vietnam. What is the nature of the aggressor's forces coming from North Vietnam, in weapons, size of forces, and current rate of buildup? Are they as numerous and as well equipped as we allege? It seems to me that answers to these questions should be obtained as a matter of highest priority.

ONE of the outcomes of the 1954 Geneva Conference was the establishment of an International Control Commission. This Commission should be abundantly equipped with helicopters, fixed-wing aircraft, and up-to-date communications equipment if it is to do its job. The staff supporting it should also

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be increased until it is capable of carrying out its intended task. It is not capable of doing this today. If we were to spend but a small part of what we are expending in combatting the North Vietnamese to determine with accuracy the nature and composition of their forces, we could probably make a significant contribution to the ultimate resolution of the problem. Concurrently with this improvement in the capability of the International Control Commission, we should ask for a reopening of the 1954 Geneva meeting to determine if other measures can be taken to bring the situation under control, and hopefully find a formula for resolving the conflict.

High on the list of national priorities must be the restoration of stability within the Atlantic Alliance. We have insisted for too long on maintaining the status quo in NATO, ignoring the powerful trend toward Europeanism and the towering strength of the European Common Market. Profound changes have taken place in Europe since NATO was originally established, and our policy does not reflect an awareness of these changes. At times we seem more preoccupied with isolating de Gaulle than with making positive proposals to which our European allies could adhere.

The most significant change that has taken place has been the growth of the European Common Market. Although conceived as an economic organization, it is rapidly assuming all aspects of a powerful military and political bloc. Purists will argue this point, pointing out that the Fouchet Mission to Brussels of five years ago failed in its efforts to have the members of the Common Market agree on a commonality of political, military, and cultural objectives. But the fact is that the European Common Market represents growing political and military strength. The need, therefore, is for a recognition of this within the structure of the Atlantic Alliance.

There are those who fear such a Europe as a third power, but now is not the time for such fear; it is a time for an understanding of Europe as a strong partner. Furthermore, Great Britain is part of Europe and must play a significant role in the affairs of Europe. Our reaction to de Gaulle's withdrawal of his armed forces from NATO has been to orient our attention more toward Germany as the leading power on the Continent. This policy has in it the seeds of disaster, for a German-dominated Europe would never be accepted by our allies and would be bitterly opposed by the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. A Europe without Great Britain's participation in its economic and political affairs will be an unending source of irritation and trouble for us. It is imperative, therefore, that we assist in any way that we can Great Britain's entry into the Common Market.

This should begin with an understanding on our part of the need for Great Britain to sever her special nuclear relationship with us, and for her to enter into frank discussions on the problems of nuclear weapons and the Common Market area. Based upon numerous conversations that I have had with responsible members of the de Gaulle government, including the General himself, I am convinced that Great Britain would be welcomed into the Common Market if she were willing to come in, bombs and all, and meet all the provisions of the Rome Treaty. Among other things, this will require a minimum period for the transition of the Commonwealth nations out of their special relationship to the U.K. economy.

As the strength of Europe increases, the need for U.S. military forces on the Continent will diminish. Our present commitment is based more on diplomatic than military need. A significant reduction of our troop strength, in my opinion, would improve our economic situation worldwide and thus add to our global strategic strength without increasing the military risk in Europe.

General de Gaulle's recent visit to the U.S.S.R. was a remarkable *tour de force.* Although generally denigrated in the American press, the General's achievements were noteworthy. There were many who remembered that the General had written in his memoirs, published in 1959, that it was his intent to insure the security of France by making arrangements with either the East or the West; hence, there was concern lest he enter into a conventional military pact following the withdrawal of French forces from NATO. On the other hand, many recalled how bitterly he opposed negotiations with the Soviets following Khrushchev's threat to the Berlin Corridor in late 1961. He had said at that time that he would refuse to enter into any "negotiations" since we were there by right and to agree to negotiate would suggest to the Soviets an intent on our part to give something away that was rightfully ours.

The remarkable thing about his trip, therefore, was that he so skillfully avoided leaving any impressions that he was negotiating over West Germany, despite the desire of the Soviets to talk about European "security." At the same time he was able also to finesse Soviet suggestions of the need to discuss recognition of East Germany. On the positive side, agreements were reached on technological, cultural, and scientific exchanges. Since current French economic trade with the Soviet bloc is going quite well, the total package represents significant achievement. The ultimate outcome of his visit, therefore, could have profound military significance.

FOR some years the United States has exchanged visits of artists, athletes, and academicians as part of a program that had as its goal the relaxation of tension between the United States and the U.S.S.R. The time now has come to encourage the visits of businessmen between both countries, and to encourage our trade with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. To an increasing extent, the profit motive is playing a significant role in the Soviet economy, and the Soviets are trading extensively with our Allies. Our President, in his State of the Union Message this year, urged Congress to pass the necessary legislation to enable us to get on with an increased trade. This should be done without delay, for in-

(*Continued on page* 64)

"It's your jury, that's all I know."

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Julius Caesar

By KENNETH REXROTH

PRACTICALLY ALL teachers of Latin agree that it would be hard to find a less appropriate textbook for second-year students than *Caesar's Gallic War*. His prose is eminently simple and clear—to those who read Latin fluently. His use of the language is not just eccentric; it is entirely peculiar to him.

Caesar was one of the most completely competent writers in all literature. It is impossible to doubt his meaning, if we have an ordinary grasp of the Latin language, but his style is nervous, full of surprises and deliberately odd. His syntax on the page looks like speech, but like Ernest Hemingway's, it is not talk that can be uttered. It is as formal, with its own special formulas, as that of Racine or Pope, who are also supposed to have written simply. Reading Julius Caesar, if you read Latin and have never read him as a child (a most unlikely contingency), is like riding a high-spirited horse, who for all his nerves is always completely under control. There is no prose just like his in any language, so it is hardly pablum for schoolchildren, or a "Basic Latin" introduction to Roman literature.

All Caesar's attitudes, as they move behind the crystalline surface of his objectivity, are as adult as can be imagined. Masterfully concealed in *The Gallic War* and *The Civil War* is a philosophy of human relationships which only maturity can comprehend or even recognize. The masterful concealment, of course, is an essential part of the maturity. Caesar's style has been called unsophisticated. It is exactly the opposite. In fact his books could be called manifestoes against the florid writing of Cicero or Livy. His is so important because here, to an exceptional degree, the style is the man. What he does with language, so he did with life.

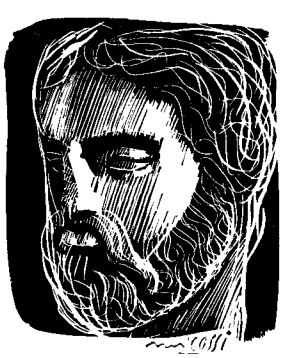
It is essential not to judge Caesar after the fact. He did not know that the Roman Empire, the principate of Augustus, the kingship and palace system of Diocletian and the Byzantines, would come after him. As a historical figure he was a brilliant improviser. The prose, the battles, the dictatorship are expressions of an integral personality.

On every page of *The Gallic War* the simple, unambiguous nouns and verbs carom off each other like billiard balls. There are few adjectives and they serve mostly to fix the nouns in place. The adverbs are all active—they aim the verbs. Prose which exhibits so high a level of irritability, in the physiological sense, usually lacks unity of effect, subordination of parts to the whole—but not Caesar's. The rapid and complex movement of simple elements deploys on the page exactly as the battles it describes.

The strategic contexts of the Gallic and Civil Wars are a reflection of the social context, the transition from Roman Republic to Empire. Caesar's life was lived in a permanent crisis of institutions. Political and social events flashed about him like a deadly kaleidoscope. His writing mirrors his time with an all-enveloping unconscious presupposition deeper far than motivation. It is the appeal of Roman *libertas* (a word which has changed its meaning several times since) to a unitary authority.

The conflicting authorities of Rome as a city-state had outlived their usefulness, but their forms would never completely disappear. Rome never became a pure despotism. Roman history has been called a collection of political pamphlets for the Senatorial caste. The Senate not only defied Diocletian and Constantine, it went down into the Dark Ages defying Theodoric. The inhabitants of Britain thought of themselves as citizens of no mean city.

In all his battles Caesar was not driving toward a *Basileos'o Soter*, an oriental, Hellenistic sacred monarchy, but toward a transvaluation and universalization of the same settlement Rome had been making during the past 150 years in the Peninsula. Caesar's improvisations are the bridge from Republic to Empire. *The Gallic War* and *The Civil War* are the story of the beginnings of the spread of reconstructed Roman institutions from Britain and the German forest to the limits of Egypt and Asia Minor. Again, the universalization of the city of Rome is a fundamentally different thing from the old, familiar, always failing leagues of city-states that had brought the Greek world nothing but trouble.



Today in the most fashionable circles subjective, rhetorical writing is at a decided discount. There are few better models of pure narrative than Caesar. He concerns himself almost exclusively with action. Characters and personalities are revealed by the kinds of action his people perform. He rarely discussed his plans beforehand with the reader. The results reveal the plans. The consequences award praise or blame. This is far from being a value neuter, scientific style. It is simply an immensely clever one. The reader is outwitted as Caesar outwitted the Allobroges. How sharply, in fact, action does reveal an immense cast of characters, officers who are little more than names and yet who show up with the stark clarity of men under action—Sabinus, deluded and tricked to death by the enemy; Cotta, wounded and unflinching; conscientious officers devoted to the welfare of their men like Marcus Cicero; dozens of little anecdotes of the men in the ranks, the standard bearer of the Tenth Legion leaping to the British shore to shame his comrades into following him; Piso, rescuing his brother from the German cavalry at the cost of his own life and his brother refusing to survive him.

Most such anecdotes are not concerned with the planned evolutions of war, but with what Caesar constantly called, "the fortune of war." Fortune to him is completely secularized and depersonalized, luck or chance in the modern sense, not a capricious goddess or an implacable fate. Caesar's is one of the most *laïque* minds that ever existed; no transfinite powers move in his battles, but men called Labienus, Vercingetorix, or Pompey, men known by their deeds.

The worst thing about using Caesar as a textbook is that he is the last author in the world to be parsed and construed and read a page a day. He should be read as he wrote, at great speed. *The Gallic War* can be got through in two quiet evenings with port, biscuits, and a thick slice of Caerphilly, and that is the way it should be done. *The Civil War* can easily be read in a night.

If you still remember your Latin, you are due for a surprise. Any English translation must convey Caesar's special qualities, not least that he was a great gentleman—always debonair, concerned with the welfare of his men, and living under the same conditions—who, when he was served asparagus dressed with myrrh instead of olive oil, ate it up and rebuked his officers: "It is not enough to eat what you don't like, to object to bad manners is bad manners." Moses Hadas's translation in the Modern Library is one of the most sympathetic, and contains almost everything Caesar wrote.

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UNESCO and Literacy: Progress Report

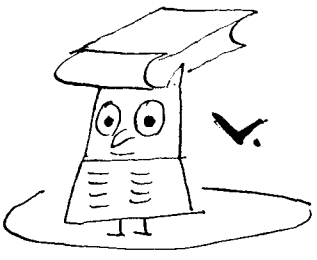
FIVE YEARS AGO on this page we reported to *SR*'s readers some discouraging new United Nations' statistics. Four out of five human beings had never seen a doctor and never would in their lifetimes, and 80 per cent of the entire population had never had and would never have what a North American family take for granted as a square meal. Only 48 per cent of the world's children were going to school in 1951, but by 1960 this figure had risen to 55 per cent. Yet, as a result of the postwar explosion of population of school age, by 1961 the world's school enrollment was once again falling, and literacy with it.

To combat the growing evil of world illiteracy, UNESCO launched a crash reading-and-writing program, costing some $12,000,000, concentrated heavily on the African continent. Heartened by rising primary school enrollments in Latin America, UNESCO properly felt that Africa and the Middle East also would be fruitful battlegrounds against illiteracy. We're happy to report that in 1966, at the end of the first five-year period in UNESCO's fight against illiteracy, some of its hopes have been realized. Only 30 per cent of the earth's population between fifteen and nineteen years of age now are in school. But the world's school enrollment has at last begun to rise again, by percentage as well as total members, and UNESCO's project has been at least initially successful.

Some 750 million adults—almost 40 per cent of the adults in the world today—remain illiterate, according to 1964 statistics, the latest available. But the number of adult illiterates also appears to be dropping gradually, owing at least in part to reading-and-writing task forces such as UNESCO's.

Encouraged by this success, the Governing Council of the United Nations Development Program last spring decided to launch still another effort: new literacy pilot projects in Algeria, Iran, and Mali. These three countries will receive from the U.N. development fund a total of $3,800,000, and they themselves will provide matching contributions of almost $5,000,000.

In Iran, there will be two pilot experiments for a period of four years, one in agriculture in the province of Khuzistan, recently the scene of a newly completed network of irrigation canals; the other involving 26,000 textile workers in Isfahan. Ninety per cent of the Iranians in these two districts are illiterate. In Mali, two experiments planned for five years in areas of overwhelming illiteracy involve 100,000 cotton and rice growers in the region of Ségou and another 6,000 workers in state-owned enterprises in and around Bankao. In Algeria, the plan covers three projects: one in the rich farming area of Staoueli with its vineyards, olive groves, orchards, and market gardens, where some 5,000 adult Algerians work on self-managed farm estates; the other two projects, aimed at illiterates between fifteen and thirty-five, are among 20,000 adults in the chemical and oil industries of the Arzew industrial area, and some 50,000 illiterates in an iron and steel complex.



The eradication of illiteracy among adults is a more complex problem than any attempt to educate children of school age—in Algeria, for example, nearly half of the children are able to attend school, but 80 per cent of all Algerian adults are illiterate. Of the Algerian population over fifteen, estimated at 5,500,000, 4,400,000 cannot read or write their own language, and 3,000,000 of these are in the productive age group of fifteen to forty-five. As illiteracy always does, this burden makes itself felt throughout the Algerian economy. Yet the enormous literacy rise in Mexico in recent years proves that all is not hopeless and that something can be done about the unlettered masses. UNESCO's experience in Africa and South America also has been rewarding. Surely new projects in Algeria, Iran, and Mali will prove the candlepower of UNESCO's tiny light in the darkness.

We take literacy pretty much for granted in the United States; in such states as Iowa and Wisconsin, the Northwest Ordinance tradition of total literacy comes close to reality. Yet Africa is still 80 to 85 per cent illiterate and parts of South America are not much better off. Only 8,000,000 of Africa's 25,000,000 children go to any sort of school and fewer than 5 per cent move as far as secondary education. Red China claims to have launched an all-out campaign to teach every Chinese to read and write, but in the Far East generally illiteracy is appalling. UNESCO says that 70 per cent of the world's population does not yet have sufficient access to press, radio, or television facilities.

These are sobering statistics, and at times it seems that they never can be appreciably changed. But let no one patronize or depreciate such enthusiasm and dedication as UNESCO's. Less has been accomplished in the battle against basic illiteracy in five years than should have been, but the fault is not UNESCO's. Its world effort toward the eradication of illiteracy is practically unique, and suggests once more the tremendous potential of a United Nations task force. —R. L. T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Weapons Trade

THE ARTICLE by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, "The U.S.: Supplier of Weapons to the World" [*SR*, July 9], is courageous reporting in an area most needing it. I'd like to see a full-scale *SR* attack, like the one on air pollution, but this time on arms pollution.

IRVING HIRSCH.

New York, N.Y.

BY WHAT authority is the Department of Defense in the arms peddling business? Isn't its responsibility the *defense* of the country? Those who hold the Congressional purse strings can, and should, put a stop to it.

THOMAS D. ALLEN.

Worthington, Ohio.

ONE OF OUR most respected U.S. Senators tells me that Congress is virtually powerless in such matters against the Executive branch. This is hard for me to believe, and I am glad to see one Senator who, as an individual, has the backbone to publicize the facts.

SYDNEY CLARK HEINDEL.

Baldwin, Ga.

Acceptance Speech

JOHN CIARDI'S column entitled "Wit and Grace" [*SR*, July 9], is an emphatic reminder that, philosophically speaking, not just anyone is a philosopher. Mind you, Mr. Ciardi, your manner of speaking cannot be praised too highly.

WILLIAM G. TOLAND,
Dept. of Philosophy,
Baylor University.

Waco, Texas

What William Didn't Do

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR brought many admirable things to England in 1066, but Horace Sutton erred [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, *SR*, July 9] in saying he "gave England—and, ultimately, the world—Norman law." The Normans had no body of written law. But the Anglo-Saxons from the seventh to the eleventh century had produced—among others—the dooms of Aethelberht the ordinances of Alfred, the code of Canute, and the laws of Edward the Confessor, William's immediate predecessor.

What William and the Normans had was a genius for organization and high administrative ability. In the century between William and Edward I, they introduced orderly administration of justice and court procedures, using English substantive law, to create the direct ancestor of modern Anglo-American law. But the substance of the law was Anglian, not Norman.

WARREN H. PIERCE.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

SNCC's Chairman

THREE CHEERS for Robert Lewis Shayon's column, "The Real Stokely Carmichael" [*SR*, July 9]. While in Alabama in July 1965 as a member of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, I saw Mr. Carmichael in action during both crisis and calm. Never did I see him display less than responsible and wise leadership. Indeed, his was the voice that prevented retaliatory violence.

By "black power," Mr. Carmichael means that socio-political mobilization of Negroes is the only alternative to another 100 years of the fear, hopelessness, and helplessness that have grown out of alienation. White leadership is not likely to achieve such mobilization. Even if it could do so, there would still be a dominant need for Negroes to help themselves.

MARIA C. PHANEUF.

New York, N.Y.

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON feels that we should judge Stokely Carmichael not only by his demagogic speeches to his followers but also by his moderate radio interviews. Mr. Shayon has hit on a wonderful idea which in all fairness ought to be extended to others . . . Hitler . . . Al Capone . . . the Ku Klux Klan. When Klan officials assure an interviewer they don't hate any race, this should correct the unfortunate impression we might otherwise get from their speeches.

MORTON DELMAN.

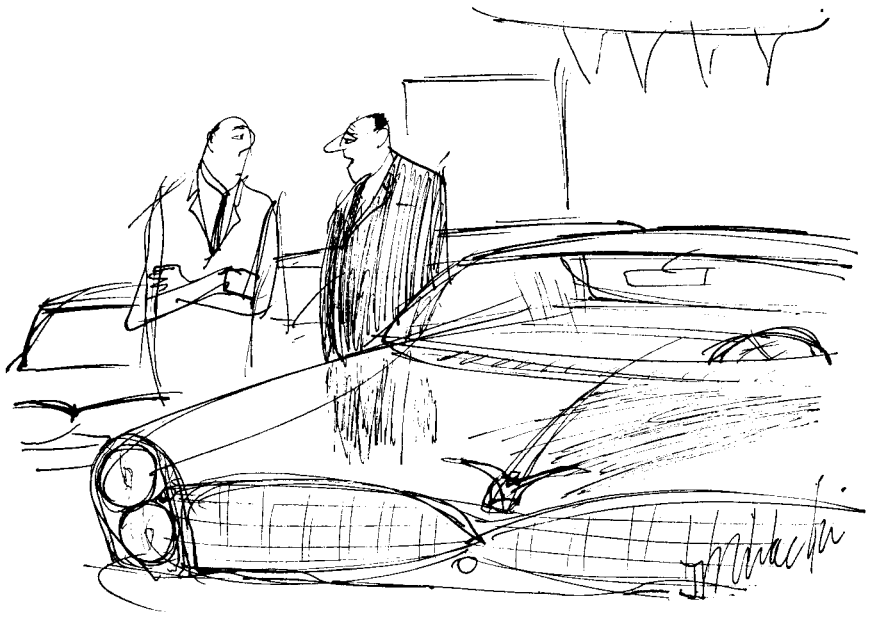
Atlanta, Ga.

I DON'T MIND admitting that Stokely Carmichael, underneath that exterior of extremism and racist demogoguery, is without doubt a real human being. But I fail to see how the Pacifica Foundation's exercising its right to indulge its New Left bias constitutes "dogged service for truth."

WBAI is not responsible to advertisers, but does cater to a definite body of opinion, without which there would be no subscriptions, and no WBAI. Now, what is the objective view of responsibility to ideology versus responsibility to commercial interests? History suggests strongly that the commercial interests are the more innocent source of revenue.

KEN MINER.

New York, N.Y.



"I had the papers all drawn up, ready to be signed; then she got tangled up in the shoulder harness."

They Remember Adlai

ELMO ROPER'S glowing tribute to Adlai Stevenson in your July 9 issue brings to mind a personal experience with Stevenson.

In the summer of 1956, at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, my cousin and I were editing the daily Stevenson newspaper. We were supposed to be fair to all Vice-Presidential candidates but were instead slavishly and outrageously adherents of Estes Kefauver. We didn't fool Stevenson. During a recess he summoned me to his hotel suite and admonished me severely. Then he invited me to have a drink, and we watched TV.

Downstairs in the lobby some Senator was being interviewed. He launched into a eulogy of Stevenson's noble qualities. After about three minutes of this, Stevenson turned to me and said, "You know, I admire that man's objectivity."

ALFRED D. ROSENBLATT.

Washington, D.C.

I NEVER KNEW Adlai Stevenson personally, though I have an impression of him gained from an accidental encounter. It seems that Governor Stevenson and myself—just the two of us—were early arrivals at a dinner for newspapermen. He was there first and I sensed almost at once that I was interrupting an opportunity for quiet reflection. I tried to ignore him, but Stevenson would have none of it. He crossed the room to my side and, extending his hand, said simply and smilingly: "I'm Adlai Stevenson. Are you as hungry as I am?"

CHARLES DELACY.

Chicago, Ill.

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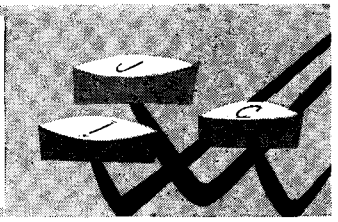
Manner of Speaking



Now Hear This, General Hershey: Everyone knows by now that the government has been courting the arts. I have myself been watching the affair benignly enough, though with some doubt: I am sure they will go through with some sort of marriage, but will it work out?

If government is cast as the swain in this courtship and the arts as the fair maiden, I half suspect she is leading him on for his money, though she does stand in some awe of him. She, I am sure, is as fickle as she is pure; and he, as obtuse as he is high-minded. All signs, I conclude, promise a prosperous middle-class exurban marriage in which he will commute through the paces of an absent-minded fidelity, sinning only with the boys in the back room and only expensively, while she will slip off to intricate adulteries, producing a houseful of brats, of which all the brighter ones will be bastards and all the legitimate ones bureaucrats.

I am not sure that Professor Paul H. Van Ness of the State University of New York at Cobleskill will agree with my guesses on how the affair will turn out, but he does have views of his own about the government's approach to the muse. He seems to feel, in fact, that they are not temperamentally suited. Or so I infer from a letter that has sat on my desk since April while I have been gadding around the lecture circuit, or doing Double-Crostics while giving the mail a chance to ripen:

April 22, 1966

Dear Sir:

Since a student may be staking his life on the results of the Selective Service College Qualification Test, every care should be taken to construct questions that neither overestimate his training nor underestimate his sophistication.

In the Bulletin of Information there occurs the following example of the sort of question that will appear on the test. Housman's poem from *A Shropshire Lad* beginning "Loveliest of trees . . ." is quoted in full. The second verse is:

> Now, of my threescore years and ten,
> Twenty will not come again,
> And take from seventy springs a score,
> It only leaves me fifty more.

The question in regard to this verse is:

How old was the poet when he wrote this poem?

A – 20. D – 70.
B – 40. E – One cannot tell.
C – 50.

According to the Bulletin, the correct answer should be A, which indicates that the question was conceived as an exercise in translating English into mathematics, and not a particularly difficult one at that. But surely the idea behind the translation is excessively naïve. Is every piece of literature written in the first person to be taken as autobiographical? When we read *Looking Backward* are we to assume that Bellamy was there?

If A is the answer, the question should be rephrased, "How old does the speaker *say* he is?" *A Shropshire Lad* was published in 1896, when Housman was about 37, and so, if the question is taken literally, the only possible answer is E—One cannot tell. A student who knows or reasons out any of this certainly possesses great insight, but if this kind of question is on the examination itself, he will be penalized instead of rewarded.

Very truly yours,
Paul H. Van Ness
Cobleskill, N.Y.

cc: Gen. Hershey

I hope General Hershey hasn't been gadding around the lecture circuit or lounging around doing Double-Crostics while Professor Van Ness waited for a reply. I expect him to have rather more promptitude of character than is common among poets and other parttime self-employed persons. I hope he has long since written to Professor Van Ness, and I hope he has long since admonished his bureaucrats and/or computers. They are certainly laying a clumsy siege to any muse's affections.

I hope Professor Van Ness will not object to my following one doubt down a side trail. It does occur to me that *he* may not be giving his brighter students enough credit. Certainly, only one of the brighter ones could be caught in the trap of such a question. And if the student is bright enough to see that the question is stupidly phrased, he will almost certainly be bright enough to guess what the test-writing mentality is looking for. One of the things the bright ones do learn is how to take a test, and which of the brighties does not know that you begin a test by guessing out and outguessing the professor? Off here on my side trail, I am ready to guess that the dopes will read the question as the dope wrote it, and that the brighties will be quick enough to grasp what the dope is looking for. After all, only soldiers join the army: Civilians sidle through it by learning to translate from civilized motives to the regulation mind.

But whatever doubts I doubt on this count are, as I say, off on a side trail. Back on the main road, I stand shoulder to shoulder with Professor Van Ness. And nothing in my side-guessing about the shrewdness of the shrewdies excuses those office boys of yours, General Hershey – do you hear? Your boss seems fairly urgent about bringing off this marriage. Unless you can show a little more tact when you talk to the lady in his name, she may just up and leave him waiting at the altar. And if he ever finds out that she jilted him because of you – well, wow! General Hershey, wow!

I know you don't want to find yourself in that sort of trouble. And, believe me, I don't want to find you in it. I can see how these things happen: You probably did glance over the Bulletin and the Test, but with a lot of high-level problems taking your mind off the beam.

But, let's face it: Nothing in Washington is more high-level than the simple business of keeping your eye on the weather vane. You know the boss's arrow is pointed straight toward Parnassus. How could you have overlooked the fact that the question is not really concerned with a pedantic old Latinist named A. E. Housman, but with the muse? Housman was only one of her clerks. You have clerks of your own and you know how that goes. Except that nothing, finally, gets by her. And she won't tolerate the least wrong word. It's all or nothing with her.

That's why I urge you to keep all your wits about you when you have anything to say to her or about her. Whatever it is, she will hear it. And remember that she likes to insist she is rather high-level herself. I know how it is with all those committee meetings and policy decisions and the national interest, but if you even come close to suggesting to her that you have more important things to think about, your boss may find himself stood up at the altar. And, yes, that could be a good thing all around, but for heaven's sake don't let that thought get a hold on you. You know how he is – right or wrong, he hates to be turned off. And as for her, she simply will not be turned off. Take my word for it, General, once you rile her, she will think nothing of unhitching your wagon from those stars.

—John Ciardi.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Public and Private Faulkner

THE PUBLICATION in 1946 of *The Portable Faulkner*, edited by Malcolm Cowley, was a critical event in American literary history. As Cowley stated in his introduction, not one of Faulkner's seventeen books was in print at that time. For a while around 1931, when *Sanctuary* made a little stir, there had been some interest in Faulkner's work, but it declined in the atmosphere of the Depression, and by the end of the war his reputation was at rock bottom. Then along came this wise selection of stories and parts of novels, so arranged as to give the reader a sense of the unity of Faulkner's work, with a first-rate piece of interpretation and evaluation as introduction, and the Faulkner boom was on.

As Cowley knows and as he says in *The Faulkner-Cowley File* (Viking, $5), if he hadn't pulled the trigger, somebody else would have. Many people, especially novelists and poets, knew how good Faulkner was and were beginning to speak up. As yet his reputation was underground, but it wasn't going to stay there much longer. Cowley happened to be the man who first saw what needed to be done, and he did it extraordinarily well.

Before 1946 Faulkner was obscure; thereafter he was praised, honored, almost worshipped. But there is something else to be said about that date: before 1946 he had done his best work. The last of the books that constitute the major Faulkner canon was *Go Down, Moses*, published in 1942. Later books have wonderful things in them: the opening scene of *Intruder in the Dust* and the grand detour of Miss Habersham, the long tale of the horse thief in *A Fable*, the prose poems in *Requiem for a Nun*, the Mink Snopes episode in *The Mansion*. But not one of these books, taken as a whole, is on a par with *The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying, Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!, The Hamlet*, and *Go Down, Moses*, nor are the later short stories equal to the earlier ones.

In 1944, having decided to write a long essay on Faulkner, Cowley asked him for an interview, thus initiating the correspondence that is a major part of the present book, subtitled "Letters and Memories, 1944-1962." Faulkner replied that he would be happy to have Cowley discuss his work but that he saw no need for inclusion of biographical details. "I would like the piece, except the biography part. You are welcome to it privately, of course. But I think that if what one has thought and hoped and endeavored and failed at is not enough, if it must be explained and excused by what he has experienced, done or suffered, while he was not being an artist, then he and the one making the evaluation have both failed."

This is a theme that runs through Faulkner's side of the correspondence. A little later Cowley announced that he was to edit *The Portable Faulkner*, and Faulkner was pleased, paid careful attention as the plans developed, and wrote a revealing piece, "The Compsons," especially for the volume. He approved of Cowley's introduction, too, as well he might; but he worried about the personal information Cowley had given, meager as it was. Following what he believed to be good authority, Cowley said that Faulkner had served in France with the RAF and had had his plane shot down. Faulkner asked him to omit the statement but didn't explain that he hadn't fought in France. "I suspect," Cowley writes, "that he was adhering to his fixed principle of never correcting misstatements about himself."

Worse was to come. Cowley had written a profile of Ernest Hemingway for *Life*, and the magazine asked him to do the same for Faulkner. Faulkner, of course, would have nothing of it, though by that time he and Cowley were good friends and he didn't like to turn Cowley down. Cowley warned him that he could choose between a considerate job by Cowley and an unscrupulous job by someone else, and of course he was right. When Robert Coughlan's article appeared in *Life* in 1953, Faulkner was frantic, and he wrote an essay on privacy that appeared in *Harper's*. (Cowley includes in the *File* a shorter, even more vehement version.)

I do not think privacy unimportant, but it has always seemed to me that Faulkner was completely unrealistic and strangely emotional in his attitude. After all, a successful writer, especially one who has received national and international honors, is a public figure, and it is natural for people to take an interest in him. He may think they're dead wrong, but he shouldn't be surprised.

At the same time it seems likely that Faulkner was trying to hang on to something of great importance to his work. In his introduction to the *Portable*, Cowley had quoted a statement Henry James had made, in his book on Hawthorne, about the dangers of the solitary writer, and had said that the remarks were in some degree applicable to Faulkner. The latter, commenting on the introduction, wrote: "The 'writing in solitude' is very true and sound. That explains a lot about

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my carelessness about bad taste. I am not always conscious of bad taste myself, but I am pretty sensitive to what others will call bad taste. I think I have written a lot and sent it off to print before I actually realized strangers might read it." This last sentence suggests that for Faulkner writing was in an almost unique degree a matter of self-expression, not communication. "I listen to the voices," he said to Cowley. This doesn't mean that he wasn't a conscious craftsman; as Cowley puts it, he had talent as well as genius. But it was genius—or something equally mysterious and indefinable—that marked his early work; and perhaps it was no accident that this quality vanished when he was forced to think about the strangers who would be reading what he wrote.

After receiving the Nobel Prize, Faulkner up to a point accepted his public role. He made statements to the papers, went to Japan for the State Department, lectured at West Point, and spent two terms as Writer-in-Residence at the University of Virginia. He believed he had a duty, and he performed it with seriousness and fine courtesy. As I said in talking about *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters of William Faulkner* (*SR*, Jan. 8, 1966), "In his later years, if he was not as great a writer as he had once been, he was a great gentleman."

Faulkner did not have many friends among literary people, and it is our good luck that he and Cowley hit it off so well. Both Faulkner's letters and Cowley's reminiscences are informative, and Cowley's closing tribute to his distinguished friend is wise as well as warmhearted. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1199

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1199 will be found in the next issue.

GCTXZBRP JG ZBIJUZTP D YDIIZU

CS IZYHZUDYZBI DBK BCI CS

JBRCYZ.

—T. H. GYJIW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1198

Ticket Collector—The man who never wants to see your ticket unless you are asleep. —E. V. LUCAS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Twain's Theology

REGARDING A. GROVE DAY'S review of Justin Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, no authentic evidence exists that Mark Twain was in jail either in San Francisco or New York. If he is quoted as saying so, he was simply joking.

As regards Day's statement "Sam never became a Christian," let me quote from what Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, who officiated at Sam's funeral at the Fifth Avenue Brick Presbyterian Church on 24th April, 1910, wrote me: "To say that 'Mark Twain lived and died an atheist' is to misrepresent grossly the spiritual quality and moral conduct of the man. He felt 'the mystery of godliness' so much that to deny the existence of God would have seemed to him THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENT FOLLY."

In 1885, Clemens wrote a document giving an account of his faith, the first sentence of which was the unequivocal statement: "I believe in God the Almighty" and then: "I think the goodness, the justice, and the mercy of God are manifested in His works. I perceive they are manifested toward me in this life; the logical conclusion is that they will be manifested toward me in the life to come."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Kirkwood, Mo.

Killing Jobs

IT IS DEPRESSING TO READ the reviews of *Justice in Jerusalem* and *And the Crooked Shall Be Made Straight* by Arnold L. Fein [*SR*, July 2]. It is true enough that the world, particularly the West, should not forget that an estimated six million Jews were executed by the German government during World War II. We should not forget the rest either—particularly the huge numbers of East Europeans—though we are reminded of them less often. However, a show trial is not justified as a means of refreshing the memory of the world.

I understand that some members of our Air Force have been put on trial or are about to be put on trial in North Vietnam as war criminals because they bombed a country the United States has not declared war on. As Mr. Fein says, quoting Justice Jackson, there must be a beginning. There must be an ending as well. By Mr. Fein's fine reasoning the Seminoles might well have kidnapped President Jackson and tried him for attempted genocide. They could have made a very good case and might have been justified in killing him—that is, if every "people" have a right to avenge themselves on their enemies in their own courts. . . .

If it is true that "the prisoner in the dock is there because he has refused or is unable or unwilling to cope, meet with, or abide by the rules of the society in which he lives," then it is evident that Eichmann was in the wrong courtroom. He abided by the rules of *his* society. If Mr. Fein means that he should have abided by the rules of the society of man, Israel is still the wrong place for the courtroom. . . .

I have not forgotten the crimes of WW II. But what we need to be reminded of, as Hannah Arendt knows and Arnold L. Fein apparently does not, are the horrible things that ordinary people can do. It is not so much the malevolent beasts we must watch out for as the efficient little men just doing their jobs—no matter how inhuman—and saying, "I don't make the rules, buddy."

ROGER GARLAND HORN.

Clarion, Pa.

A Shade in '65

MY BRAZILIAN FATHER-IN-LAW was amazed to learn that José Lins do Rêgo died in 1937 [*SR*, July 9]. He claims he *saw* the writer in São Paulo only a few years ago! According to "o sogro," do Rêgo died around 1964-65 in Rio de Janeiro.

DENNIS J. MAHONEY.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets that, through typographical error, do Rêgo's death in 1957 was anticipated by two decades.*

Parody of Porter

NO DOUBT COLE and all the Porters are gyrating in their crypts if they are aware of Mr. Stanley Weintraub's reference to "Noël Coward's song *Let's Do It*" in his review of *Somerset and All the Maughams* [*SR*, July 9]. As Mr. Weintraub should know, the title is taken from Mr. Coward's *own version* of Mr. Porter's song as Coward did it at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas in 1955.

CHASE SMALL.

Boonton, N.J.

Sir Herbert Released by Horizon

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, writing from Munich [*SR*, July 2], quite correctly credits Faber & Faber as the publishers of Herbert Read's new book, *Collected Poems*. Faber & Faber publishes Sir Herbert's work in England. Horizon Press is publisher of the book (and most of Sir Herbert's other books) in America. We published the *Collected Poems* here June 2nd.

COBURN BRITTON.

New York, N.Y.

Vitiating Two-letter Word

DANIEL STERN'S MISQUOTATION of Emily Dickinson's phrase "zero at the bone" ("The Snake") in his review of *Landscape in Concrete* [*SR*, June 25] (he says "zero in the bone") interestingly illustrates how just that wrong two-letter word weakens the phrase's startling impact!

CLARENCE NOEL JOHNSON.

Chicago, Ill.

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Whatever Happened to the American Male?

He has given way to boredom, restlessness, discontent and frustration. Why?

By RICHARD TAPLINGER, *president of Taplinger Publishing Co.*

THE AMERICAN woman has been dissected, analyzed, and reported on repeatedly during the past several years in an effort to discover where her training for the job she has to do (being a woman) went sour. For most American girls are raised to be almost anything but women—and their husbands and children suffer accordingly. So, too, do these women, unfulfilled as their husbands' competitors *and* as women.

And where has the American male been all this time? Equally unfulfilled and deflated, insecure and demasculinized by the same rapidly changing society that has knocked the American female off her already precarious feminine balance.

In *The American Male: A Penetrating Look at the Masculinity Crisis* (Coward-McCann, $5.95) Myron Brenton, an experienced and meticulous researcher in the social sciences, explores in fascinating detail the basic features in contemporary society responsible for the male's loss of his manhood—or at least the loss of his image of himself as a man, which amounts to almost the same thing, except that loss of manhood can be permanent; a lost image can be reconstituted.

This book might have been evaluated by an anthropologist (many of whom contributed ideas to it) or a social scientist (a group also well represented herein) or a male with the problems of his middle-aged generation; it is the last point of view that this comment represents. Mr. Brenton's study will no doubt be read avidly by a great many literate males; every woman who wants to understand men will find it instructive. And by understanding I don't mean the saws "All men are just little boys," or "Men are all the same; they all want the same thing." Actually men do all want very much the same thing, but it isn't quite the simple one generations of girls have been taught by their mothers it is.

What *is* the male's problem? A thirty-six-year-old civil engineer quoted in the book says, "I don't get it. I've got everything. I really have. All the same, now and then, I get the feeling I'm in a prison or something. Happens when everything's on top of me, closing in, you know? That's when I start wondering if it's all worth it. Sometimes—this is funny because my Dad didn't have much of anything—sometimes I think he might have been better off."

The author cites an insurance underwriter who admitted, " 'There are times when I want to chuck it all and take a raft down the Amazon!' A week later he called to say that he was starting to take karate lessons. The insurance underwriter himself provides an object lesson in terms of what is troubling the contemporary American male. He told me that, like everybody else, he has good days and bad ones with his wife, who, he says, is fairly strong-willed. ('Either she tries to boss me around or bitches that I *let* her boss me.')"

"I work hard all day. Get fed up to the teeth with all kinds of people constantly complaining about this and that," a supermarket manager in his thirties told Mr. Brenton. "When I come home, all I want to do is relax. Just dump myself in the easy chair and forget the nagging housewives. So what happens? My wife greets me at the door with a long list of everything that went wrong in her life that day. And the kids are right there, too, with their beefs. That's about the time I'm ready to run—right out to the nearest bar somewhere." Succinctly summing up such male complaints, Dr. Gertrude Hengerer observes: "Men are looked on as people to come and fill in . . . to mow the lawn and fix the refrigerator. Men are looked on as functional."

The American male's twin problems, says the author, are: "1. How to reconcile the sedentary overrefined present, which is marked by an extreme lack of physical challenges, with the age-old image of the male as hunter, builder, hewer of wood, and drawer of water—a male who, in short, establishes a primitive contact between himself and his surroundings. 2. How to reconcile the supposedly democratic present, with its emphasis on equal rights for women, with the age-old image of the male as provider, protector, and possessor—a male who, in short, is given unquestioned sanction to exercise his patriarchal duties and prerogatives."

And what are the elements that have contributed to his problems? His job gives him no sense of masculine accomplishment; the long hours of work necessary to supply his family's demands cut down his position as head of the family to one of almost noninvolvement. The first time he comes home at 9:00 or 10:00 and no one in the family looks up from the television until the commercial he realizes how very uninvolved he is. The breakdown of barriers between the sexes often has him washing dishes, diapering babies, and doing other jobs he has always regarded as "womanly." His wife's competition as wage earner, even

"I suppose it's crass as hell, but sometimes when I think of how rich I am, I want to cry out for joy."

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though necessary, injures his image of himself as supreme provider. His knowledge that an insecure world headed for God-knows-what disaster is beyond his ability to understand, let alone help, minimizes his feeling of power. The intrusion of women into his private world of clubs and bars and golfing and fishing cuts off his escape into these formerly ego-recharging sanctuaries.

Not least are the sexual problems. "The contemporary male faces sexual responsibilities far exceeding those of men in earlier times. He must gratify himself *and* his sexual partner. He has to make sure he's a better lover—or at least no worse—than other men. He has to cope with the sexually liberated woman, something that can require a considerable amount of coping. He has to put up with the bittersweet fact that while sex is fortunately no longer hidden away in the Victorian darkness, it has been pushed all the way to the other extreme, where every aspect is spotlighted for detailed examination—and himself along with it. Psychoanalyst Milton R. Sapirstein noted:

> Modern man literally lives in a sexual goldfish bowl, where he is constantly up for reappraisal. His girlfriend has usually read the latest psychiatric book on sexual behavior, in which practically anything he does is called "infantile"; his friends openly discuss frequency and duration of sexual act; his family ridicules him if he escorts an unattractive female; and for years he has heard the older females mocking the sexual prowess of their husbands. There is a constant aura of jokes about male sexual *in*adequacy in the atmosphere.

Sex, the last area of male dominance, is now democratized. Not only has the male lost his dominance, but he is—or thinks he is—forced to prove himself while the woman sits in judgment.

> That sex with their wives has become a duty, rather than a pleasure, is seen by the marked change in the reasons men give for going to prostitutes and call girls. Men once blamed unresponsive wives or wives unwilling to participate in a specific sexual technique. But these are the days of the sexual revolution, and increasingly, the men who require the services of prostitutes say that they have wives who are *too* responsive and demanding. In effect, the pressure of having to please has become too great; the men "cop out." They prefer a one-sided arrangement with themselves on the receiving end. "It burns them up not to be lords and masters in their own beds, and so they try to make believe they are in ours," a perceptive call girl is quoted as saying in a recent study on prostitution in New York. She observed that her sole task is to make her clients feel good, and that unlike their wives she's not concerned about getting anything but money in return. "Take this two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar baby comes to see me one or two times a week. Always says he enjoys being with me instead of his wife, because when he's with her he's so busy trying to please her he hardly has time to think about himself."

As one reads this well-organized and clearly written survey it becomes apparent that our rushing, shrinking world has removed many of the American male's illusions about himself—and the American female, so assiduously overwhelmed with *her* problem, is no longer the illusion-preserver and ego-builder she used to be. She is a *person* rather than a *woman*, and her husband is less a man for a' that. Marriage for a man has become less a matter of convenience, as it was in the past, than one of image-building. When marriage destroys that image, then marriage itself is destroyed.

Today's male lives in an impious age that has lost its respect for authority, for the symbol of masculinity: for teacher, for

father, for boss, for law. Until we manage to raise a generation with respect for authority the American male is likely to find greater and greater frustration.

The American Male is not at all anti-feminine. It concerns itself with woman only as she concerns man. Both are victims of society, and in living according to society's rules they are losing each other to convention. In generations past, people solved the problems of living by "growing old"—by giving up and pretending not to care any more. But this is an era of *not* growing old.

Says Mr. Brenton:

> The fundamental purpose of this book is not to encourage men to be women. It is to encourage men to be men. To this end it has a thesis, a point of view. At the present time in his history, the American male is subject to an unprecedented number of pressures and tensions. Their effect is needlessly deleterious, because he's still trapped by the beliefs and value systems of the past. To be sure, there are outward manifestations of equalitarianism, of role flexibility, of a relaxation of the rigid sexual double standard. But the American male hasn't really integrated these new ways into his personality . . .
>
> No matter how much American males may yearn for the simpler, more clearly defined times gone by, their yearnings are futile. They have the choice of remaining what they are—a sex at bay—or of redefining themselves in the light of the changing culture. Historically, in the relationship between men and women and between men and men, this is a new approach. And it is the ultimate masculine challenge because it does away with stereotypes, guidelines and life plans. It simply requires a man to be more fully human, more fully responsive and more fully functioning that he has ever allowed himself to be. This is the freedom that equality of the sexes offers him.
>
> If he's afraid to take this freedom, the American male will wind up enslaving

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

"IT WAS THE CAT!"

The cats referred to in the first column were created by the authors in the second. Ruth Berman of Minneapolis asks you to match them up (and, if you can, name the work in which each animal appears). She lets the cats out of the bag on page 64.

Foss ( )	1. Lewis Carroll
Tobermory ( )	2. T. S. Eliot
Pluto ( )	3. Rudyard Kipling
Dinah ( )	4. Edward Lear
Graymalkin ( )	5. Don Marquis
Macavity ( )	6. Charles Perrault
She was toujours gai ( )	7. Edgar Allan Poe
Servant of the Marquis of Carabas ( )	8. William Shakespeare
Minnaloushe ( )	9. Saki
"Nenni," said the cat ( )	10. William Butler Yeats

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himself all the more. If he grasps it, he may at last come to see that he's not really as fragile as his patriarchal concepts have made him out to be.

Shock of the Primal Scene: Reviewing *Hope for Man*, by Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), has posed some problems, not the least formidable being the necessity of reading it. Were it not for the fact that its predecessor, *Peace of Mind*, was a prodigious best-seller and that, like it, *Hope for Man* bears the colophon of a highly respected publishing house, the whole matter might best be passed over in silence. It would, I believe, be faintly comical to take this posthumously published book seriously for what it pretends to be, and is not—a learned venture into philosophy, including a critical appraisal of what is held to be the devilishly subversive influence of certain existentialist writers and (at no extra cost) a prescription for salvation.

A good deal of the diagnosis and treatment of this ailment, here called pessimism, is in the name of modern psychiatry, if not exactly in its terms. The rhetoric is frequently crude, its devices more those of the debater (I almost said demagogue) than of the scholar: build them up before knocking them down and/or question their motives. For example, Kierkegaard ("the essential motif in his whole thought . . . his contempt for human relatedness") is the target of some quite extravagant praise, both before and after his condemnation as "the greatest source of pessimism in our age." The bill of particulars against him includes, *inter alia*, the idea that he was authoritarian (which, as everyone knows, is dreadful) and further that there is "no doubt that he was exceedingly vain and arrogant in daring to pit his intellectual conclusions against all the doctrines and dogmas of his day" (which is, I suppose, even worse). Sartre is "perhaps the greatest spokesman for darkness" and "all who follow in his footsteps are tarred with the black brush of negation."

In his efforts to exorcise these devils, the late Dr. Liebman looks to psychoanalysis and as his major weapon points to the shock of the primal scene. At any rate, the philosophies of Berkeley, Hume, and "in some respects, Kant" (though not exactly existentialists, they too, in their own ways, promoted evil) are so explained. The work of Bertrand Russell (I'm sorry to say that I have forgotten his qualifications for inclusion here) is no longer a mystery if one knows that Russell was an orphan. I can't wait to get back to the *Principia Mathematica*, but suppose that I'll have to wait until I know something of Whitehead's infancy. —LESLIE SCHAFFER.

In Groups Within Groups

***The Last Jew in America,** by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day. 191 pp. $4.95), is a trio of wild tales dealing with ethnic isolates in our modern wasteland. Samuel I. Bellman is the editor of "Survey and Forecast."*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

MUCH of the action of Leslie Fiedler's new fiction collection takes place in "Lewis and Clark City," which is supposed to be across the border from Montana but seems more like a thinly disguised Missoula, Montana, which Fiedler has now left for good. The three ethnic isolates Fiedler depicts are "The Last Jew in America," "The Last WASP in the World," and "The First Spade in the West." Surrounded by goggle-eyed in-groups, the alien Jew, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, and Negro are riven by misery, confusion, and a desperate urge to do something to end their uniqueness. But, in Fiedler's book, there's really not much they can do, and this is the peg on which he hangs his three tales.

Two statements by Fiedler throw a great deal of light on *The Last Jew in America*, the last two novellas of which are possibly the worst fictions he has ever made up. In his famous essay, "No! in Thunder" (the introduction to his 1960 essay collection of that name) he pointed out, "In the realm of fiction, to be inept, whether unwittingly or on purpose, is the single unforgivable sin. To be inept is to lie; and for this, time and the critics grant no pardon."

Two-thirds of his current work represent a fantastic degree of ineptness and literary falsity. His stereotypes of white gentile, Indian, and Negro, for example, are utterly unreal and hence meaningless. The hysteria and frenzy that in true Fiedler-fashion underlie these stories indicate clearly not that his message is urgent or that the time is sadly out of joint, but simply that he is one of the outstanding Spasmodic prose-poets of our time. As with the Victorian Spasmodic poets or the nineteenth-century American Spasmodic fictionist John Neal, Fiedler's imaginative writing represents a series of emotional fits. And as with early American film comedies, *The Last Jew in America* and much of Fiedler's other fiction also depend heavily on the wild melee, the uninhibited free-for-all that releases a lot of pent-up tension but otherwise doesn't make much sense.

—*Jim Tuttle.*

Leslie Fiedler—"Spasmodic prose-poet."

This is not to say that Fiedler does not have a serious aim in writing fiction. Which leads us to his second statement, taken from his 1951 introduction to Simone Weil's *Waiting for God*. To what does Weil bear witness, Fiedler asked himself? "To the uses of exile and suffering, to the glory of annihilation and absurdity, to the unforeseen miracle of love." *These* uses, *this* glory, and *this* miracle Fiedler has been attempting to convey in his stories and novels.

The Last Jew in America is full of suffering exiles: elderly, anachronistic Jews trying vainly to retain a vestige of Judaism while the town's ex-Jews look on bewilderedly; an anti-Semitic Pulitzer poet suffocated by the only people he can relate to: Jews, particularly Jewish women, who have always thrown themselves at his feet; a Negro night-club operator in Lewis and Clark City, descendant of the slave who accompanied Lewis and Clark, ironically reduced to being the town's showcase Negro and part-time scapegoat.

The fate of these exiles? Annihilation and absurdity, as indicated above, annihilation and absurdity in a kind of oblique glory. Louie Himmelfarb is dying of cancer in a Catholic hospital; his aged friend Jacob Moskowitz, a sort of Jewish town-clown, has trouble rounding up ten even-nominal Jewish males for Yom Kippur rites at Louie's bedside. Poet Vincent Hazelbaker, childless like Louie and Jacob, attends an indescribably vulgar Jewish wedding in New Jersey, fails miserably in his rela-

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tionships with his (Jewish) women: wife, mistresses, goddaughter, and in desperation relives a painful experience he had when he returned to Lewis and Clark City and was overwhelmed by the Jews in the local college and the local night spot. Negro Ned York, repudiated openly by his white wife and their daughter, and caught between (1) a possible murder charge involving a white woman and (2) an upcoming Kiwanis Man of the Year award, is the solitary victim of society's ironies whichever way his cards decide to come up.

And what of the unforeseen miracle of love? Too little, too late, too irrelevant to redeem anything or anybody. Jacob Moskowitz kids himself that he will go around Lewis and Clark City entertaining the children of his ex-Jewish colleagues, even show "the descendants of vanished, incredible Jews a Jew in real life, a terrible fact." Vincent Hazelbaker, after any number of madcap brawls and joinings with his own and other men's women, is unable to respond to a letter from a female admirer, begging him to take her. "You don't understand at all," he answers her, in his own mind, and then screams and screams for help. Ned York, on the other hand, is almost destroyed when one woman's unexpected, unwanted gift of love ends in her death.

The one thing needful for Fiedler: less matter and more art. Mere stereotypes and anti-stereotypes don't make good stories. The "class war" approach, so basic in Fiedler's narrow outlook (capitalism vs. socialism, artist vs. society, male vs. female, Jew vs. gentile, white vs. Negro, West vs. East), is another fond fixation of adolescence that should long ago have been given the "No! in Thunder" treatment.

Parkinson has taught us that institutionalization may not always be a good thing. It breeds waste, loss of original purpose, a weakening of ties. The current institutionalization of "Jewish American fiction" has really harmed the psychological perspective and the artistic vision of countless modern writers besides Fiedler. Sol Liptzin's survey, *The Jew in American Literature* (Bloch, $5.50), which superficially examines the position of the Jew on the American literary scene since Colonial times, is a case in point. The Jewishness or lack of Jewishness of the writers and their characters seems to be what counts, far more than the importance of the story or its artistic effectiveness. Liptzin's book reads like an incomplete Roll of Honor or Dishonor (who has helped, or hindered, The Cause?).

What Liptzin and Fiedler must realize is that only a "Jewish" (or any other in-group) story that transcends stereotypes and class conflicts, and permits honest identification by any intelligent reader is worth mentioning in a literary discussion, worthy of the efforts of a serious writer. In the realm of "Jewish fiction" very fine work has recently been done, such as Leo Litwak's army story, "The Solitary Life of Man"; Silvia Tennenbaum's tale of an inept rabbi, "The Sound of Crickets"; S. J. Wilson's novel of two Jewish mothers, *Hurray for Me*; Bruce Jay Friedman's wacky story of Jewish ritual observance, "When You're Excused You're Excused." These writers reveal similarity in diversity, as well as the truths of the human heart. Without this, there can be no meaningful story of the "Last (or First) so-and-so in America," no comprehension of what the Jew (for example) in American literature signifies.

The Author: At Leslie A. Fiedler's home in Buffalo, visitors have a sense of perpetual activity. Telephones ring. Cats get their heads caught in cat food cans. There are always children with house guests on hand. But the family —including the head of the household —seems to thrive on variety, surprise, and excitement. For an acerbic critic, who likes to think of himself, not as a genteel writer, but as one "with a good, healthy pound of vulgarity," Mr. Fiedler, the father of six, is an extremely affable, unruffled man. He is rosy-cheeked, with a curly beard and a disarming grin.

In corduroy trousers, a checked sports shirt, and a sea-green sweater, Mr. Fiedler sat in his kitchen recently and talked about his new book, *The Last Jew in America*, while his cocker spaniel was fed anti-flu pills and a pajama-clad daughter and her girl friend buttered English muffins and drank orange juice.

For more than twenty years, Mr. Fiedler taught English at the University of Montana, and when he left for his present post teaching English at the State University of New York in Buffalo, he found that there were feelings and impressions about the West that he wanted to put down. Then he was asked to deliver a lecture on the literary uses of Lewis and Clark. It was this that was the new book's direct inspiration.

"I began talking about York, Clark's Negro slave, whom the Indians just didn't believe. He was quite a fellow. He would dance a jig and do contortions and left a great trail of bastards behind him. I've made the hero of one of the stories in the book a Negro bartender and ex-prize fighter who thinks he's descended from York."

The title story, Mr. Fiedler says, is based largely on the character of someone he has known. The third story tells of a poet returning to a Western city after being away twenty years.

The blond cocker interrupted the discourse, hiding under the table from Mrs. Fiedler, who was in pursuit with a pill bottle. The crisis over, Mr. Fiedler commented that he has recently revised one of his early works of criticism, *Love and Death in the American Novel*.

"This is a very bad time for criticism, actually," he said. "The old critics have run out of gas and lost touch with what is going on. About 1955, 'modernism' came to an end. There was no more Eliot, Pound, and Joyce to speak of, and our critics are still oriented to that. The young writers and poets and novelists today don't seem to be especially interested in criticism, and no spokesman from among them has come out.

"In any case, to be criticized easily, literature should be reflective and introspective and highly self-conscious. Impulse and irrationality don't lend themselves to critical writing, so the people who are able to speak to and for today's writers are not the literary critics, but men like Norman O. Brown and Marshall McLuhan who come to literature through sociology and economics."

MR. FIEDLER paused for coffee. Then he commented that he likes to think of himself as one of the writers of the older generation (he is forty-nine) who is still interested in what is being written today. "I'm really excited by some of it—particularly what some call the pop novel, others the 'black comic novel.' It's the kind of novel that's rather like vaudeville, being written by people like Donleavy and Jack Barth. Much of it gets its mythology not out of Christian and Greek mythology, but out of yesterday's pop culture—comic books, advertising, rock 'n' roll music. There's the assumption that this is the common culture between the reader and the writer."

Mr. Fiedler calls this the mythology of urban culture and finds it relevant because so few people in the United States grow up anywhere but in the city.

"Not only Ovid seems far away to today's youngsters, but Huck Finn and Rip Van Winkle belong to small-town life, too. It's comic book heroes that are the mythological figures of the metropolis."

Mr. Fiedler's coffee mug was empty. The cat needed assistance in escaping from her dinner can. Mrs. Fiedler was calling her husband to the telephone.

"What do I do when I'm not writing or lecturing? Oh, I play solitaire. Or there are times like the night a while ago when Allen Ginsberg was in town, so we had a giant party for the pedants and the Bohos. At the end of the evening, my son Mike and Ginsberg were singing Tibetan chants together." Mr. Fiedler's blue eyes sparkled as he led me to the door. —PHYLLIS MERAS.

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Bards, Boys, and Baronets

—*Drawing by Don Bachardy.*

Gavin Lambert—mystical and psychological in masquerade.

Norman's Letter, *by Gavin Lambert (Coward McCann. 232 pp. $5.50), chronicles the wanderings of a wealthy homosexual baronet and his encounter with a sage from the East. Louise Armstrong is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By LOUISE ARMSTRONG

THE THEME of Gavin Lambert's new novel parallels that of his earlier *Inside Daisy Clover*: minor talent, picked on.

Norman's Letter is a curious book, full of "significant events" yet written with a superficiality of tone that mocks them. It is an ambivalent book which, seemingly deliberately, obscures whenever it starts to enlighten. It is certainly not the "comic novel" the book jacket proclaims, but rather a mélange of the mystical and psychological, masquerading in light prose. To the extent that it achieves a certain transparency it succeeds, and is poignant, not funny. To the extent that it fails, it's not funny either.

Norman Charles Evelyn Lightwood, inestimably rich eleventh baronet, is illegitimate: his uncle is his father. At his birth, an Object fell from the sky, "about two feet long; brownish, clammy, a little warm and apt to give off steam when touched." A homosexual, Norman has created a Greek-Egyptian, poetry-writing, female alter ego named Oum Salem. And he is embarked on a journey to finish "translating" Oum's long poem called "Crowns of Seclusion," which was inspired by the apposition of the words "anchor" and "anchorite." The novel is structured around a ten-year marathon letter Norman writes to Ahmin, an Arab boy he slept with once; he intends to sign it "George Eliot."

Norman's sister, Violet, also homosexual, eventually adopts the name of George and becomes a Nazi. Lady D., Norman's mother, is strong, gay, glamorous, flamboyant, in the manner of Auntie Mame.

The book takes Norman through a brief marriage and a divorce, and lands him in New Mexico, where he builds a monumental mansion, encounters a sage from the East, and finally has a breakdown.

"Imagine a young Englishman," says the sage, Jemadar, "born into the ruling class of his country . . . In spite of being so protected, so wealthy, so cultured, the young man is constantly abused by strangers, usually his social inferiors . . . He runs from them everywhere, hides at last in a sanctuary of the most remarkable extravagance, which he builds himself. . . . The first moment he ventures outside, the strangers pursue him with threats and insults . . . They tell him the voices of fear are the voices of desire, but he won't listen . . . They tell him the longer he hides, the more angry they get, but he blames the voices, never himself . . . Always resists, never accepts . . . But what will he do when the strangers climb over the walls? . . ."

NORMAN reacts by saying that Jemadar "repayed me by disguising himself as the Word Incarnate *in order to take Oum away . . .*" Oum, the female of himself; Oum, his muse.

If only the book were not so often facile. If only the characters weren't mainly so flat. If only the events weren't quite so inventive. If only the personal and the mystical didn't battle one another behind the lines—especially since the lines themselves are so light. There are moments when one has a keen sympathy for Norman.

This is a strange book, suggesting depth, then skirting it with technique. Still, I'd like to read Mr. Lambert's next one.

Thank You Note to Wallace Stevens

By Roberta Teale Swartz

THANK you for the Dufy hyacinth
And the music box
And a pink January
And the dove's eye's grenadine.
Thank you for more than Monets and Renoirs
We may not own—
In what we have to help to paint
And therefore hang, in flowers and water sheen.

Thank you for the blown peacock feathers
And heavy hemlocks, and the notes piped
Even on the pipe of Paris's lookout.
(Are you not he, not he, outside the tomb
Of every meaning and all absolution
That need not perish by circumstance or doubt?)

Thank you again, because ideas of order
Are dangerous to despair, and you like Caedmon
Were driven to praise them even against your will.
Praise is the danger, danger to negation:
Your exclamation
Blows out the fuse of logic; after your voice
We simply light the candles, and rejoice.

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A Place to Hold a Past

A House of Kings: The Official History of Westminster Abbey, *edited by Edward Carpenter (John Day. 491 pp. $16), chronicles the church's 900 years in the context of British history. Robert Branner is professor of art history and archeology at Columbia University.*

By ROBERT BRANNER

WHAT, one may ask, remains to be said about Westminster Abbey, Britain's most written-about medieval church? Its histories come in all sizes and shapes, from shilling flyers to ponderous tomes; from cursory guides for the hurried visitor to the tombs to detailed biographies of the often forgotten men they commemorate.

But one sort of book there has not been—an account of the Abbey in the context of English history. *A House of Kings* now fills that place. It is not simply the story of the building or of the men who formed the institution, although each chapter contains a fair amount of biography; it is, rather, a chronicle of the intellectual and social movements that affected the destinies of the Abbey or in which it played a leading role.

With two exceptions, all the sections were written by present or past members of the Abbey "staff," under Canon Edward Carpenter's stimulating suggestion that they should introduce new documentary material wherever possible. This has been done, and in an eminently readable fashion, though the absence of even the most unobtrusive footnotes (except in Sir William McKie's chapter on music) will frustrate those who wish to pursue matters further. Nor does the bibliography always contain the titles mentioned in the text; any library, however, can probably provide accurate citations.

The most sophisticated section is the first, by the Benedictine scholar Dom Hugh Aveling. The place to start, of course, is the story of the foundation of Westminster by the legendary King Lucius of Britain in the second century A.D. Dom Hugh's treatment of the tradition is so gentle that even the most confirmed believer from another day would not have been offended. Westminster really originated, however, as King Edward the Confessor's new church of 1065-66, an enormous monument probably modeled on Jumièges in Normandy, but left unfinished during the troublesome years of the Norman Conquest. Nor was the monastery itself much better off, for even in the early thirteenth century, Dom Hugh writes, "Westminster must have appeared a humdrum Black monk house of comparatively little distinction."

It was King Henry III's revival and rebuilding of 1245 that gave Westminster the place and the form we now know; for, although the Abbey was already the traditional scene of coronations, it had not before been associated with the seat of government. Under Henry III, Parliament began to meet in the chapter house. While recognizing Henry's peculiar religious psychology ("His personal piety . . . was wide-ranging, capricious and shallow" and "intensely affective"), Dom Hugh tends to minimize the special nature of that monarch's patronage, probably in order to counteract the oft-repeated but not quite true statement that Westminster was the royal abbey. But it is Henry's building that we now admire, and it was Henry's architect who designed it (albeit once again on a Continental model); and there is reason to think that the Abbey did in fact occupy an exceptional place in the king's mind. Dom Hugh's discussion of the Abbey's economic position in the Middle Ages and of the changes in the monastic observance and ritual are lucid and rich, and it is a pleasure to have these readable pages from the hand of an expert.

—*From the book.*

Funeral of Edward the Confessor, showing the only known representation of the Abbey built by him. From the Bayeux Tapestry.

The second section of the book, by the Reverend A. Tindal Hart, is equally fascinating, for it deals with the Reformation in England and with the establishment at the Abbey first of a bishop and finally, under Elizabeth I, of a collegiate church led by a dean. The latter, founded in 1560, continues to the present day, although Elizabeth's ample endowment suffered severely under Archbishop Laud and then Cromwell.

The Abbey began to rise to prominence again in the late seventeenth century, when Sir Christopher Wren undertook to restore the fabric and to complete the western towers (they were actually designed and built by Hawksmoor), and it was at this time that Westminster became the favorite burial place for famous or would-be famous Englishmen. On occasion, but never regularly, kings and princes have been laid to rest there, but Westminster's real vogue as a necropolis extended from the Restoration through the Victorian period.

Surprisingly enough, the history of the Abbey becomes progressively less interesting as the centuries pass, possibly because English history itself became less vivid and certainly less violent after 1750, and perhaps also because Westminster was farther and farther removed from the center of action. Few if any of the more recent deans had the vigorous personalities of Abbot Islip or Dean Williams, or the penchants that prompted Canon Carpenter to entitle one of his subchapters "Francis Atterbury's Disturbing Character."

The last section of the book treats of odds and sundries, such as the College constitution and music at the Abbey. The chapter by the Librarian, Mr. Tanner, on the coronation makes this complex ritual seem clear; and Mr. Dykes Bower, the Surveyor, contributes some fascinating information on the histories of the recently cleaned tombs. In fact, the most burning public question concerning Westminster in recent times comes up here: Should tombs (as distinct from simple commemorative slabs) be allowed to remain in the Abbey? Or should they all be cleared out and re-

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located in an adjoining building, as was proposed in the nineteenth century? Mr. Dykes Bower's statement on this subject is well worth reading.

The book's illustrations are fascinating. Odd and occasionally even rare, they serve admirably to illuminate the sequence of ideas or events in the text. The color pictures, alas, show examples of plate and vestments, of which Westminster is notoriously poor in historical pieces. It might have been better to have shown some of the restored tombs, or even a view of the famous diapered stonework and Purbeck marble of the presbytery arcade, now also clean and bright.

The volume celebrates the 900th anniversary of the Abbey, and includes a subtle statement on the need for fabric funds. We wish it all success in this worthy cause.

The Church in the Modern World

The Documents of Vatican II: *In a New and Definitive Translation with Commentaries and Notes by Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox Authorities, edited by Walter M. Abbott, S.J. (Herder & Herder/Association Press. 792 pp. Hardbound, $10; paperback, 95¢), and* ***The Teachings of the Second Vatican Council:*** *Complete Text of the Constitutions, Decrees, and Declarations, with an introduction by Gregory Baum, O.S.A. (Newman Press. 676 pp. $5.75), contain complete translations of the documents promulgated by the historic Council initiated by Pope John XXIII and carried on by Paul VI. George A. Lindbeck is associate professor of theology at Yale.*

By GEORGE A. LINDBECK

THESE two volumes supply the reader with the textual basis for making up his own mind on the importance of the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965). Is it indeed the beginning of a new era in Roman Catholic history, as many commentators from Moscow to Bogotá have proclaimed, or does Rome enjoy the divine prerogative of timeless immutability, as some Catholic reactionaries, as well as anti-Catholic liberals, seem to believe? The conciliar texts, which are collected and translated in their entirety in each of these books, must be fundamental to any attempts to answer such questions.

Yet it is not easy to evaluate these texts. Vatican II was vastly more prolific than any of the previous twenty-odd councils which Catholics have traditionally termed "ecumenical." It produced four constitutions—on liturgy, the Church, revelation, and the Church in the modern world; three declarations—on religious liberty, non-Christian religions, and Christian education; and nine decrees, ranging from the decisively important one on ecumenism and a trivial one on "modern means of social communication," through moderately significant pronouncements on the Eastern (*i.e.*, uniate) churches, the pastoral office of bishops, the formation (*i.e.*, educational preparation) of priests, the religious (*i.e.*, monastic) life, the laity, and the missionary activity of the Church. These sixteen documents total a forbidding 103,000 words.

All of them need to be scrutinized, for the documents are the ecclesiastical equivalents of congressional or parliamentary actions. To be sure, they do not contain detailed legislation; that will come later. They concentrate, rather, on formulating statements of theological principles and general policies. But their significance can be determined only by carefully comparing them to what has been the prevailing Catholic teaching, whether official, semiofficial, or unofficial. Such comparisons will no doubt occupy battalions of scholars for generations (they will have time: this is only the third council in 400 years). Meanwhile, however, readers who lack adeptness in such matters must remember the danger of being betrayed by traditionalist language into overlooking the fundamental newness of many of the formulations, or, conversely, of mistaking verbal novelties for real changes.

It is not only the documents themselves that need to be examined, but also the way they are likely to be applied and received. They constitute a beginning, not a conclusion. In contrast to all previous councils, this one, following the guidance of Pope John XXIII, deliberately chose to be pastoral, not dogmatic; to stimulate developments, not to bind the future; to be open to the modern world and non-Catholic Christians, not to thunder anathemas. Its documents, therefore, cannot be viewed as providing a fixed mold for what is to come, but instead must be seen as initiating a process whose ultimate outcome cannot be foreseen.

Readers will vary widely in their judgment of where to begin, of what is most important. Those concerned chiefly with the social impact of Catholicism, rather than with its inner religious dynamisms, will be most interested in the forthright declaration on religious liberty, the statement on non-Christian religions (which, despite the criticisms leveled at the section on the Jews, is perhaps even more extraordinary), and (the longest of the conciliar texts) the Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, which, despite its failure to settle the birth-control issue, displays distinctly "liberal" attitudes towards social, economic, political, and international questions, and insists that Christians and the Church, rather than seeking to dictate from above, or to use their social and welfare programs for proselytizing purposes as so often in the past, must engage in self-effacing service of humanity.

However, in view of the determinative role theology has frequently played in Catholic life, it may well be that the

—*Pix.*

Second Vatican Council—"the beginning of a new era in Roman Catholic history"?

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most significant documents are those that provide the charter for the two movements which constitute the religious bases for these shifts in social outlook. First, the Biblical renewal, rooted in the critical-historical study of scripture, is profoundly altering the shape of Catholic piety. This development is supported by the Constitution on Divine Revelation, although from the Protestant point of view it is partly unsatisfactory because it does not decide the question of whether scripture and tradition comprise one or two "sources" of revelation, and it does not restrict the infallible teaching authority of the Church. Second, the liturgical movement, because of the importance of worship within Catholicism, is ultimately the most revolutionary of present Catholic currents. The Constitution on the Liturgy is probably the best single conciliar document, and it successfully passes beyond the polemics of the Reformation period.

For most Catholic commentators, the Constitution on the Church is the center of the Council's work, and the section on the collegial rather than unilaterally monarchical structure of the Church contains the most important conciliar affirmation. This affirmation opens the way for a system in which the papacy does not normally rule directly but, as in the early Church, serves as a kind of supreme or final court of appeal for disputes that cannot be settled in any other way. From this point of view, most present papal functions can be regarded as the exercise of emergency powers.

Doubtless this statement of theological principle will exert an unremitting pressure on successive Popes to implement collegiality more and more fully; but the fact remains that the Pope decides how far and how fast. Further, even if the Catholic Church is one day governed far more "democratically" than at present, it will always remain, in view of the decisions of Vatican I (1870), at least theoretically possible for the Pope to assume unilaterally what we have called "emergency powers."

Orthodox and Protestants do not, of course, assent to such a proposition, and thus the significance of these documents for Christian unity, though real, is limited. While the Decree on Ecumenism in particular opens up startling vistas of dialogue, collaboration, and even common worship, the full reunion of the churches is still indefinitely remote.

Both of these editions of the Council's teachings are complete, reasonably well translated (though by no means "definitively"), and have indices. *The Documents of Vatican II* contains, in addition, brief introductions and commentaries by Catholic and non-Catholic scholars, as well as a large number of explanatory footnotes which are generally helpful, sometimes even to specialists.

The Pros and Cons of Paradise

Utopias and Utopian Thought, *edited by Frank E. Manuel (Houghton Mifflin. 321 pp. $6.50), and* ***Angel in the Forest,*** *by Marguerite Young (Scribners. 331 pp. $6.95), explore the utopian impulse as it exists in theory and in practice. Chad Walsh wrote the first book-length study of dystopias, "From Utopia to Nightmare."*

By CHAD WALSH

A FEW years ago when I was writing a book on utopia's impish literary cousin, the "inverted utopia" (*Brave New World* and its like), I found myself waxing ironical as I dissected the utopian dream. Yet in the final chapter the utopian lurking within caught up with me, and I had to admit that if the utopian hope were laughed out of existence, something distinctively human, lovable, and constructive would perish.

Utopia has now been revisited by a glittering research squad, assembled under the wing of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. They discuss utopia's lineage, analyze its many literary incarnations, and more sketchily touch on a few real-life communities founded on utopian presuppositions; they also debate the desirability of utopian thinking, and bring in no unanimous verdict. Along the way the essays clearly reveal that utopias at their best are not mere flights of fancy, but a form of social thinking. They are, so to speak, works in which political science, economics, sociology, etc., are wedded with the literary imagination, so that the reader is offered not merely dry theories but the taste and sight of possible societies.

With few exceptions the essays in *Utopias and Utopian Thought* maintain a high level of intelligence and readability. Each contributor adds a particular emphasis and flavor. Lewis Mumford, for instance (as one would expect), pictures the first cities, just before the dawn of written history, as communities inspired by a utopian impulse but marred by the kind of regimentation that produced the Pyramids. The modern dream of utopia, as he sees it, harks back to ancestral memories of the urban paradise.

Crane Brinton suggests that the intellectuals, who have made it a point of professional honor to avoid "utopian illusions," might profitably have a second look; there may be more merit in utopia than they think. In an essay entitled "The Utility of Utopias for Reformers" François Bloch-Lainé hopefully suggests that utopias can be useful "models" for discussion; they free the mind to think in bold strokes without being shackled by the here and now. Utopian thought could conceivably build bridges for a dialogue on the part of reformers with both revolutionaries and conservatives.

Among those who take a dimmer view of utopia are Judith Shklar ("The Political Theory of Utopia: From Melancholy to Nostalgia") and Adam Ulam ("Socialism and Utopia"), while Paul B. Sears and John Maynard Smith warn us that even the utopian must take into account the ability of a limited planet to sustain a population that is increasing without limit and pressing against natural resources. Paul Tillich examines the relation between utopia and the Kingdom of God; Northrop Frye briskly charts the varieties of literary utopias. Mircea Eliade contributes a particularly striking chapter on the colonization of the New World as a search to find or create the earthly paradise, and on how the original religious zeal of the settlers became secularized into the gospel of progress.

All in all—and there is not space to mention every essay—*Utopias and Utopian Thought* is a series of diverse and stimulating probes into a subject that is evidently far from outmoded.

BUT good as the book is, no work written by a roomful of authors can compete with one produced by a single gifted writer. *Angel in the Forest* was first published in 1945, and now at long last is back in print. It tells the story of two actual utopian experiments in New Harmony, Indiana. The first was founded in 1815 by Father George Rapp, a German mystic who conversed with angels and was equally adept at organizing a farming and handicraft community and presiding over its temporal affairs. Under his leadership a group of German farmers from Pennsylvania settled along the Wabash, waiting for the destruction of the world, believing that they, and perhaps they alone, would survive. They lived by the principles of primitive Christian communism.

The community prospered. Even the damned souls in the outer darkness

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eagerly purchased its excellent whiskey at a good price. Father Rapp supervised his flock and discouraged malingering by prowling through a labyrinth of tunnels and unobtrusively poking his head up through the occasional airholes. When he decreed celibacy and his daughter-in-law became defiantly pregnant, his son was found mysteriously dead. In 1825 Father Rapp led his faithful back to Pennsylvania, where a more serious challenge to the community (now called "Economy") was posed by the arrival of the *soi-disant* Count Maximilian de Leon, who proclaimed himself the "Anointed One of God" and lured a third of the devout away to a rival community, where love was extolled and frequent.

The Indiana property had been sold, at a tidy profit, to a very different kind of utopian, Robert Owen, who had been born in Wales, immersed himself in the British industrial revolution, and waxed wealthy in textile manufacture. Thereupon he set out to create a universal earthly paradise through socialism, science, and reason. After redeeming a mill village by the simple expedient of sanitation and a good school, Owen felt the urge to build a perfect community from scratch.

In New Harmony he assembled a motley collection of bums, dreamers, cranks of every kind. As organizer of a community he was markedly less successful than Father Rapp. Perhaps he had been too generous in admitting all comers, or else he lacked the requisite blend of fanaticism and brutality; earthly utopias seem to thrive longest when powered by strong wills and dogmatic religious or ideological zeal. At any rate, New Harmony failed in two years and Owen went back to England, where vast numbers of Owen societies sprang up and prepared the way for both socialism and the labor-union movement.

As Miss Young neatly puts it, "We see Robert Owen as one who stands between two tidal movements—the withdrawing French Revolution, the rise of dialectic materialism. A nineteenth-century man, his roots are in the eighteenth century, his branches in the twentieth." He was also a uniquely lovable man, and somehow all the more lovable because in his old age he, the great rationalist, began to consult with mediums and seek the support and influence of the benevolent departed. If a Father Rapp can have his angels, who shall deny a Robert Owen his commerce with spirits?

The particular quality of *Angel in the Forest* is impossible to express briefly. Occasionally overwritten and a little long in places, it is for the most part a shimmering tapestry of language, more like iridescent poetry than workaday prose. The distinction between the factual and the imaginary breaks down: one is not quite sure what Father Rapp actually saw, nor how clearly the dreams of men can be separated from their tangible deeds. A vast swarm of interesting people flit through the pages, and along the way the reader savors two great historical movements: the settling of the American frontier and the coming of the industrial revolution in Britain. It is magnificent social history, written by one who can make words sing and dance.

"You know, Antony, I have a feeling that we shan't pass this way again."

She can't come to you for the truth, but you can reach her.

The truth can become a very precious thing to a young mind in a closed country:

"Dear Friends,

I began listening to your broadcasts when I was a small child.

Today I am 22.

And for most of what I know about the world, I have to thank Radio Free Europe."

The young woman who wrote that letter lived in Communist-ruled Czechoslovakia.

Today, there are 82 million people like her in the Iron Curtain countries of Eastern Europe. And more of them listen to Radio Free Europe than ever before.

Radio Free Europe gets the truth through—up to 19 hours every day.

And because of it, a great many young, and older people alike, have a great many more reasons to go on living.

The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

Give to Radio Free Europe Box 1966, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

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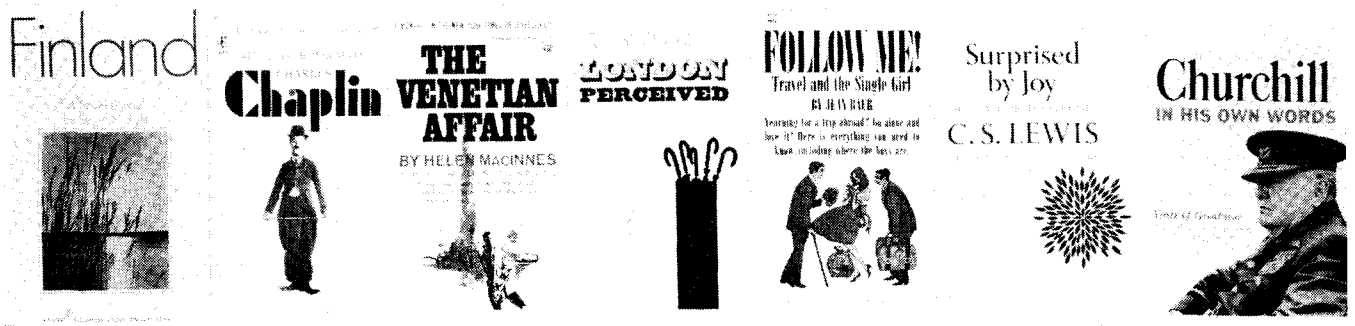

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"Your book was our bible," hundreds of readers have gushed, and, if they weren't talking about Dr. Spock, they meant Arthur Frommer's *Europe on $5 a Day* (Pocket Books, $1.95). As author of one of America's best-selling guidebooks (now in its ninth edition) as well as a dozen other "$5-a-Day" guides speeding people along most of the budget routes of the globe, Frommer is an industry. Not yet forty, he publishes his own volumes, distributing them through Pocket Books; and, with an office task force, he is now bringing out a new series of "Dollar-Wise" books for travelers.

It all began simply enough. After leaving Yale Law School in 1953, Frommer was drafted and sent to Germany. "It was my first time in Europe—who could afford it?—and I traveled whenever I could," he recalled recently in his New York office. "When I got back to the barracks the other guys would ask me what I had done. I borrowed some money from the sergeants and printed a $1-a-day guide for GIs. That was that. I went back to the States and into a law firm." But the GI book sold out and they clamored for more. "I thought that if the soldiers liked it, maybe civilians would too." Frommer took a vacation, went back to Europe, and gathered material for the first "$5-a-Day" book. "It became a monster. I couldn't handle it and my law work at the same time, so I gave up the law."

Though Frommer, who shuttles back and forth to Europe, can travel four-star all the way, he insists he doesn't. "Sure, every so often we try it. You know, the Carlton at Cannes, dressing for dinner, the whole thing. Then we check out, run over to Nice to a little hotel run by a family where you can wear your slippers and bathrobe down to breakfast."

Since Frommer's marriage in 1958 his book has changed, altering the bachelor outlook to include more connubial beds-and-board. Readers can look for even more revisions. Now that year-old Pauline travels along with her peripatetic parents, the new edition will offer a well-researched chapter called "Europe on Five Diapers a Day."

Who loves a mystery? At least a million people, Fawcett Library reasons, and accordingly they have just published that many copies of *Intern* (95¢), the best-selling revelations about the medical profession by the anonymous Dr. X. When Dr. X makes appearances to promote his book, as he did in New York recently, he wears a mask, something like Dr. Casey performing a big operation. "I feel kind of silly about it," he admitted, "but it's the only way the book could have been published. Neither my patients nor my colleagues would have been pleased if I used my real name." During his internship Dr. X made daily tape recordings of the dramas he observed at a city hospital, in which doctors prove not always infallible. "I think the book has done so well because it's timely," he said. "People are uneasy about medicine today. They still want the family-doctor relationship even though they know that the general practitioner is becoming a rare bird." Dr. X admitted that he himself is a GP. He didn't admit much else. "Most people don't ask who I am. Back home some of the people I work with suspect, but none has ever asked me outright. Sometimes I can't help wishing my own name were on the cover. I suppose it's only human to want recognition." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Summer Fiction

Most books serve all seasons, though who wouldn't agree that Dickens is more of a winter person than, say, Proust, whose prose saunters happily across the laziest summer days? Other novels, light as a July breeze, fit comfortably into the vacation scheme. There's P. G. Wodehouse, of course, and what's more fun than *The Return of Jeeves* (Signet, 50¢), in which that gentleman's gentleman parlays his lordship into the bookie business? Helen MacInnes is usually a reliable holiday companion, though *Neither Five Nor Three* (Crest, 75¢), her newest paperback but an early work, is nowhere near as properly poised between suspense and romance as *Decision at Delphi* (95¢) or *The Venetian Affair* (75¢). As for suspense, scarcely a mass paperback publisher is left who isn't offering bagfuls of gothic frou-frous. If you're weary of these modern variations, how about going back to the source, to *Three Gothic Novels* (Dover, $1.75), edited by E. F. Bleiler, and thrills and chills with Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto,* William Beckford's *Vathek,* John Polidori's *The Vampire,* and even a fragment from Lord Byron? A century later that king of the spooks Wilkie Collins, who was also Dickens's collaborator, explored the genre's possibilities in *The Lady of Glenwith Grange* (Paperback Library, 50¢), replete with shuddering young women and creepy castles.

For sheer romance, no mystery about it, take *Jalna* (Crest, 75¢), the first of the series of the same name to appear in paperback. Here Mazo de la Roche begins her beloved saga about the Whiteoaks. Later novels, which will soon be in paperback, follow four generations of that indomitable literary family. If the Whiteoaks were the favorites of the Thirties, *Kitty Foyle* (Popular, 60¢) was everyone's girl in the days just before World War II. For most of us, Christopher Morley's plucky heroine from Philadelphia remains forever Ginger Rogers.

Travel

Travel books have come a long way since the days when the privileged few packed their Baedekers for the Grand Tour. The new paperbacks are as streamlined as jet travel. Arthur Frommer's *Europe on $5 a Day* (Pocket Books, $1.95) is the granddaddy of guides that direct visitors to budget-wise and offbeat vacations. *Europe* is still No. 1, but the new $5-a-Day guides to Spain and South America bring the series to a lucky thirteen. The "Dollar-Wise" handbooks, which cost of course

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$1, deal mostly with areas of the U.S.; but the newest, *Dollar-Wise Guide to Mexico* and *Dollar-Wise Guide to Montreal, Quebec and the Laurentians* not only advise travelers which days the museums are free, but offer some grand hotels and de-luxe dining.

Harper Colophon has a trio exploring *Finland, The Greek Islands,* and *Sicily,* by Sylvie Nickels, Ernle Bradford, and Christopher Kininmonth respectively ($1.95 each). Less concerned with crass details of dollars, they make sense by exploring the less frequented geography.

Berlitz not only drills would-be voyagers here but is prepared to go right along with them. Grossett & Dunlap publishes ten small, spiral-bound phrase books ($1.50 each)enabling the willing citizen to ask for a beer or announce that his feet hurt or his car has collapsed in languages from Japanese to Hebrew. In reading the newest, *Greek for Travelers,* it helps if you've pledged a fraternity.

V. S. Pritchett's *London Perceived* (Harvest, $1.65) guides the visitor along a sophisticated route to the heart of England. The pleasures of London, observes Mr. Pritchett, are hidden and subtle, requiring a discerning eye to find them. His own astute view of his city helps one feel right at home.

Along with that Baedeker, what right-minded tourist to Italy in the past century would have ventured forth without John Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice* (Hill & Wang, $1.95)? Helpfully edited by J. G. Links from the weighty 1853 original, it remains a highly appreciative esthetic tour of that fabled waterway.

And finally there's Jean Baer's *Follow Me* (Crest, 60¢), a cheerful handbook about travel and the single girl. Solidly based on the premise that unmarried ladies should travel unaccompanied ("leave your best friend back home") it's an encouraging how-to-go-it-alone, and maybe even find a man along the way.

Autobiography

It's been called "the compulsion to confess," that eagerness to tell one's own story; and in literature it has made uncommon bookshelf companions of such disparate personalities as Malcolm X and Alice James, Henry and William James's shy and solitary sister. *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (Grove/Dell, 95¢) is a surprising book. Far less militant than one might reasonably have expected, it is a thoughtful recollection of an eventful life, from the days when Malcolm, on the pushing end of dope and women, was called "Detroit Red," through the years when he responded to the call of Black Separatism. The keen, wary intelligence displayed on every page makes the reader wonder what Malcolm might have become had he lived longer.

Alice James, on the other hand, was a Boston Brahmin in the last century, when such things counted for more than they do now. From her invalid's couch she recorded in *The Diary of Alice James* (edited by Leon Edel, Apollo, $1.95) her narrow, insulated world: her brothers' achievements, her own quavering in the face of life, and, at last, the solid courage with which she met her death.

Charles Chaplin's *My Autobiography* (Pocket Books, 95¢) is somehow less dazzling than it ought to be. All the names are there, the people he knew from Einstein to Douglas Fairbanks; in fact, there are too many of them and not enough about Chaplin's own life during those energetic years when he survived scandal and political exile. At least his story has a happy ending, complete with artistic and personal success.

For collectors of Churchilliana, and they must be second only to those who amass Kennedy books. Capricorn has published *Churchill in His Own Words* in two volumes: *The Years of Adventure* ($2.25), in which Churchill's own account of happenings of his youth are woven into a continuous narrative by F. W. Heath, and *The Years of Greatness* ($1.95), which recreates through the rousing speeches—on the Munich pact, Dunkirk, the fall of France—that dark time when it seemed that Churchill single-handedly rallied Britain toward her "finest hour."

C. S. Lewis's *Surprised by Joy* (Harvest, $1.65) is very nearly old-fashioned in its account of how one man found God. Witty about his arduous boyhood in British schools and his foray into World War I, Lewis leads gently to that final conversion when, atheism defeated, he rejoices in his new-found faith. A simple, charming book.

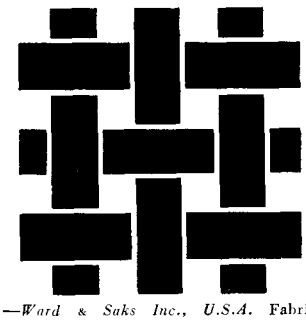
Erskine Caldwell's *Call it Experience* (Macfadden, 60¢) recalls his childhood in such outlandish places as Coweta County, Georgia, and Prosperity, South Carolina, his early writing career, his trials in movieland. An even better book is *In Search of Bisco* (Pocket Books, 75¢), in which the author's quest for his lost friend, the Negro child who was his only playmate, takes him through the byways of the new South.

Vietnam

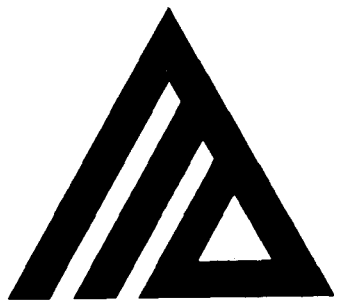
How did it happen that despite all our efforts U.S. commitment in Vietnam is greater than ever? This is only one of the maddeningly complex questions which Richard N. Goodwin tackles in *Triumph or Tragedy* (Vintage, $1.45), modestly subtitled "Reflections on Vietnam." Reflect he does, from the vantage point of his knowledge as assistant to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, on events he witnessed behind the scenes. For those who like vital statistics, included in an appendix are the Geneva Agreement, Hanoi's Four Points, the present U.S. official position.

In *The Lost Revolution* (Harper Col-

The distinctive label that identifies a man's work dates back to the Middle Ages, when goldsmiths and masons stamped their imprint on their productions. The international designs in Peter Wildbur's *Trademarks* (Reinhold, $2.25) may be more sophisticated and the products less tangible than those of the early artisans, but their purpose is the same. An artistic, often ingenious use of circles, curves, squares, and darts is revealed in these 236 examples of modern graphics.



—*Ward & Saks Inc., U.S.A.* Fabric Designer



—*Atelier Walter Diethelm, Switzerland.* Architect

—*Crosby, Fletcher, Forbes, Gill, Great Britain.* Typographer

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ophon, $1.95) Robert Shaplen makes no secret of the diplomatic hodgepodge that has marked U.S. relations with Vietnam for the past two decades. Shaplen, a close observer of Southeast Asia since the close of World War II, writes with considerable grace and knowledge of things past, of the elegance of Saigon under French rule, the arrogant ineffectiveness of the Diems, the intrigues in and out of the palace, all of which provided the backdrop for today's régime. The U.S. attitude to Vietnam has, says Shaplen, been a negative one: "We have tried to 'prevent' military conquest and 'preserve' freedoms that never actually existed and have failed to deal with it creatively and with authority."

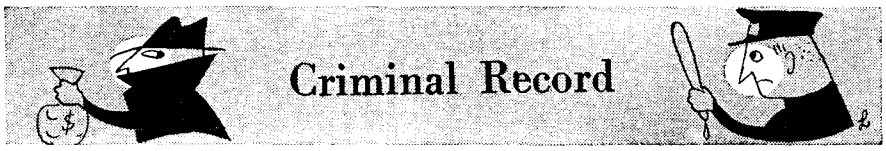
"Every war is terminated by negotiation." General Maxwell Taylor said it, and French journalist Jean Lacouture quotes it in *Vietnam: Between Two Truces* (Vintage, $1.95), a pungent appraisal of the way things are now and how they might well be after neutralization of the country. His is a political history that calls for action toward peace from within South Vietnam and noninvolvement by the major powers.

Bernard K. Gordon takes a broader view of the international dilemma in *The Dimensions of Conflict in Southeast Asia* (Spectrum, $2.45), which explores various paths to political stability in that untranquil part of the world. Indonesia, Cambodia, and Vietnam are studied as allied yet separate nations. Particularly pertinent in terms of the wavering personnel in Saigon is a chapter on "personality" of national leaders.

Nature

Naturalist Joseph Wood Krutch reflects upon the nature of man and the evolutionary miracle in *The Great Chain of Life* (Pyramid, 75¢). While modern science seems primarily concerned with synthetic drugs, botanists and pharmacologists are still exploring the world's remote regions in search of healing plants. Margaret B. Kreig's *Green Medicine* (Bantam, 95¢) tells of her own expeditions from mountain top to rain forest collecting specimens of various health-giving roots, herbs, oils, and even primitive native lore. Digitalis, after all, still comes from the foxglove.

Eleanor Clark's *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* (Vintage, $1.65) rates four stars in anyone's Michelin. It's a just about perfect exposition of conchyliculture, which is a lot more interesting than its name suggests, especially when the author recalls with clarity and wit the sights and sounds of Brittany, where tending the oyster is a regal way of life.



The Art Stealers. *By Milton Esterow. Macmillan.* $5.95. Some of them are just greedy, some are patriots, some are real aficionados, some are plain screwballs, all make fascinating true-crime copy at the hands of a skilled and knowledgeable reporter (author is a *New York Times* cultural staffer).

Line Up Tough Guys. *By Ron Goulart. Sherbourne Press, 1640 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles.* $4.95. If you want to brush up on the ranking U.S. hoods of the 1920s and 30s, this once-over-lightly survey should be your dish. Fourteen big guns of yesteryear, from Liverpool-born Owney Madden to Lucky Luciano, are served up.

The Big Knockover. *Selected Stories and Short Novels of Dashiell Hammett. Edited and with an introduction by Lillian Hellman. Random House.* $5.95. Ten tales by one of the great pros are here assembled; the majority first appeared in pre-Depression pulps. A publishing event, of course.

Disposing Mind. *By Richard H. R. Smithies. Horizon.* $3.95. Death of mother of five daughters (was it murder?) tizzies members of old New-York-and-Westchester family and sets off chain reactions among beneficiaries. Lively, literate, and style all the while.

The Kremlin Letter. *By Noel Behn. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. U.S. naval officer assigned to Intelligence journeys all over (Georgia, Mexico, Moscow, elsewhere) and meets all sorts in blood-stained search for missing missive. Boom! Zowie!

High Water at Four. *By Jerrard Tickell. Doubleday.* $4.50. British naval officer, dismissed from his ship for hazarding her, teams up with Greek shipping baron and finds self in perilous waters; Albania visited; ex-Nazi biggie a standing menace. Smooth sailing.

Offshore! *By Stephen Coulter. Morrow.* $4.95. Dirty work on a North Sea oil rig plus management hassle in London combine to produce spectacular disaster; Ahab-type Yankee tool-pusher among those present. Grade A specialty number.

The Crucifixion of Pete McCabe. *By Jack Pearl. Trident.* $4.95. New York suburbanite book editor, accused of rape and murder, has tough time getting things straightened out; good cop plays key role. Fresh twist carries this one along.

The Case of the Jumbo Sandwich. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $3.95. Wealthy English lass, gypped in a horse deal, takes her troubles to Ludovic Travers, suave private eye, who turns up higher crimes than swindling.

Six-Day Week. *By Alan Gardner. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. London *Globe's* foreign ace is posted in Italy to find colleague who has vanished with wife and kiddies; hell breaks loose all over. If you've been to Rome, this book will give you a return trip, with all points, including restaurants, identified.

You Want to Die, Johnny? *By Gavin Black. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Paul Harris, English-born Malaysian citizen, comes to rescue of old sidekick's daughter, but other folks have other ideas; Yank reporter in cast; excellent portrait of contemporary Far East.

Cave of Bats. *By Robert MacLeod. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. U.N. troubleshooter finds trouble shooting at him in Burmese jungle when he tries to settle labor unrest at power plant site. Author knows his way around all right.

The Room Upstairs. *By Monica Dickens. Doubleday.* $4.50. English bride and Yankee husband, visiting his grandmother in Plymouth-Cap Cod area, follow spooky trail to tragedy; real villain here is Route 3. Atmosphere abounds.

Die Rich Die Happy. *By James Munro. Knopf.* $4.95. John Craig, hero of *The Man Who Sold Death* (he's top dog of Britain's hush-hush Dept. K), takes on mission to protect shipping tycoon; Venice and Aegean ports visited. Seems everybody's touring the Greek islands this year.

His Weight in Gold. *By Maurice Procter. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Police, bank robbers, and mob out to rob the robbers match wits in this latest triumph of Chief Inspector Martineau of northern England's Granchester; jail-break is only one angle of excellent chase sequence.

At Some Forgotten Door. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $4.50. Connecticut heiress runs into family complications that terminate in shocking discovery; period piece (as of 1886). Whatever became of that nice post office inspector? —SERGEANT CUFF.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

COME LIVE WITH ME: Five Centuries of Romantic Poetry. Edited by Charles Norman. McKay. $6.95.

Business, Economics

THE MANIPULATORS. By Leslie Gould. McKay. $5.50.

STAGES OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN ASIA: A Comparative History of the Cotton Industry in Japan, India, China and Korea. By Sung Jae Koh. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $12.

Crime, Suspense

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton. $4.50.

THE BLUE-EYED BOY. By Christopher Short. Dodd, Mead. $3.75.

CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE. By Jeffrey Ashford. Walker. $3.50.

THE HOSTAGES. By Charles Israel. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Current Affairs

HIGHWAY HOMICIDE. By Paul W. Kearney. Crowell. $5.95.

MODERNIZATION: The Dynamics of Growth. Edited by Myron Weiner. Basic Books. $4.95.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS. By Carl Bakal. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES. Edited by Frank H. Golay. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Fiction

DO GOOD. By William Sayres. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

NORWOOD. By Charles Portis. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD. By Doris Sutcliffe Adams. Scribners. $4.95.

THE WORDS OF MY ROARING. By Robert Kroetsch. St. Martin's. $4.95.

History

CLIMAX AT BUENA VISTA: The American Campaigns in Northeastern Mexico, 1846-47. By David Lavender. Lippincott. $4.50.

ENGLAND AND THE INTERNATIONAL POLICY OF THE EUROPEAN GREAT POWERS, 1871-1914. By A. F. Pribram. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON THE ART OF WAR. Edited by Jay Luvaas. Macmillan-Free Press. $8.95.

A GUIDE TO MARXISM AND ITS EFFECTS ON SOVIET DEVELOPMENT. By P. H. Vigor. Humanities Press. $6.

SPAIN, 1808-1939. By Raymond Carr. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

Ideas

THE MAN-MADE OBJECT. Edited by Gyorgy Kepes. Braziller. $12.50.

MODULE, PROPORTION, SYMMETRY, RHYTHM. Edited by Gyorgy Kepes. Braziller. $12.50.

SIGN, IMAGE, SYMBOL. Edited by Gyorgy Kepes. Braziller. $12.50.

Law

LAW AND PSYCHOLOGY IN CONFLICT. By James Marshall. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

Literary History, Criticism

FROM SCOTLAND TO SILVERADO. Comprising *The Amateur Emigrant: From the Clyde to Sandy Hook* and *Across the Plains; The Silverado Squatters; Four Essays on California*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by James D. Hart. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER READERS. Edited by Laurence Lerner and John Holmstrom. Barnes & Noble. $6.

Miscellany

CHILDREN'S ARTS FROM DEEP DOWN INSIDE. By Natalie Robinson Cole. John Day. $5.95.

THE NEW FIELD BOOK OF FRESHWATER LIFE. By Elsie B. Klots. Putnam. $4.95.

PUBLIC SPEAKING. By George W. Fluharty and Harold R. Ross. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

1001 QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT BOATS AND BOATING. By W. H. de Fontaine and B. Devereux Barker, III. Dodd, Mead. $6.

THE VIEW FROM RED SQUARE: A Critique of Cartoons from *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, 1947-1964. By Michael M. Milenkovitch. Hobbs, Dorman & Co. $7.50.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED ASUNDER . . . and Other Thoughts on Love, Marriage, and Divorce. By Mrs. Kemper Campbell. Simon & Schuster. $3.

Personal History

DE GAULLE: A Political Biography. By Alexander Werth. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

THE INTERNATIONAL NOMADS. By Lanfranco Rasponi. Putnam. $6.95.

Psychology, Sociology

THE CREATIVE ELITE IN AMERICA. By Nathaniel Weyl. Public Affairs Press. $6.

AN EXAMINATION OF ROLE THEORY: The Case of the State Police. By Jack L. Preiss and Howard J. Ehrlich. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $8.50.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF SCIENCE: Researchers at Work in Psychiatry. By Stewart E. Perry. Macmillan-Free Press. $6.50.

Religion, Philosophy

HEROIC COLONIAL CHRISTIANS. Edited by Russell T. Hitt. Lippincott. $4.95.

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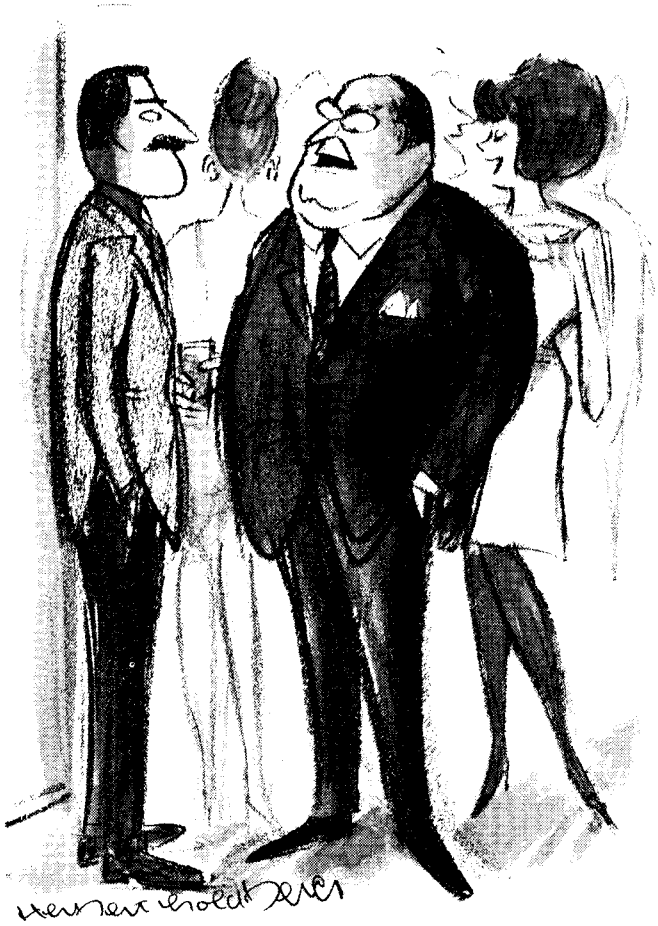
—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



"Lobbying is as American as apple pie."

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Morality Building with the FBI

THE ABC Television series, *The FBI,* is telecast early Sunday evenings, at a favorite family viewing time. With my two teen-age daughters, I recently watched one episode, "The Tormentors," which was presented both during the regular season and as a summer repeat. You might see this episode sometime, in this country or abroad, and if you are with foreign friends, you might point to it as an example of "true instructional and entertainment values" mentioned on page five of the National Association of Broadcasters Television Code (Tenth Edition, August 1965). The relevant paragraph in the code encourages the presentation of "adult themes . . . not for the purposes of sensationalism, to shock or exploit the audience or to appeal to prurient interests or morbid curiosity."

The plot of "The Tormentors" concerns a rich, young boy who is kidnapped and held for ransom by two men and a young woman. His father endangers the son's life by vacillating in his cooperation with the federal law enforcement agency, but eventually the FBI rescues the boy and restores him to his wealthy father.

The boy is abducted while with a chauffeur in a limousine. The chauffeur tries to escape. One of the male kidnappers cold-bloodedly shoots the chauffeur in the back—in the immediate presence of the boy, the camera registering in closeup the lad's horror and shock at the brutal murder. Later, in the kidnappers' hide-out, the murderer (who by now is clearly seen as a paranoid) strikes the boy in the face and knocks him to the ground. The other kidnapper protests, and for his scruples, is also killed—again in the presence of the boy, the camera in closeup once more capturing the boy's shock and apprehension.

The woman seems to derive sadistic pleasure from the violence. In the boy's presence, she urges her companion to kill him, and when he hesitates she says: "What's the matter? You chicken?" The killer warns the girl friend that he will make her pull the trigger if she doesn't shut up. He gives her his gun to hold on the boy while he goes out "to dig two graves." These scenes and others like them constitute the violent heart of the story. Structured around it is the lesson learned by the boy's wealthy father—trust the FBI and cooperate with them: You have a better chance of getting your son back alive.

My daughters, members of the television generation, have developed, alas, some immunity to all sorts of television murders, beatings, assaults, and mayhem. But kidnapping is still a theme fraught with deep resonances of terror for children and parents. It strikes at the most fundamental emotions of fear and tenderness.

The morning after "The Tormentors" I called the NAB, ABC Television, and the FBI. I thought that the television code precluded "reference to kidnapping of children." From the NAB I learned that the code had been amended so as not to prevent or impede the broadcast of "adult themes," provided "exceptional care" was exercised ". . . in order to avoid terrorizing [children]." The NAB also said that it hadn't monitored the program because *The FBI* series "didn't pose any problems under code standards." It would check now. ABC also promised to check. The man at the FBI was puzzled by the call. The program in no way glorified crime, he said. When I explained that it was the kidnapping theme and the way it was handled that disturbed me, he said the agency had no comment and referred me to the producer, Quinn Martin in Hollywood.

THIS man produced that memorable adventure in television violence, *The Untouchables.* Students of this nadir of television's moral values are referred to *Senate Hearings on Juvenile Delinquency* (Part 10, 87th Congress, pages 2348-2365). From Quinn Martin's office memos on that series, here are but two quotes:

> I wish we could come up with a different device than running the man down with a car, as we have done this now in three different shows. I like the idea of sadism, but I hope we can come up with another approach for it.

> This scene is the roughest I have ever seen and I don't know if we can get away with it, but let's leave it in. I have a feeling you may have to kill the girls off camera.

Under the casuistry of the code ("the standards," said the NAB, "contain a lot of prohibitions but they're not to be taken literally; they're to be viewed in context"), you can never beat the self-regulators. The violence in "The Tormentors," they would argue, is not for its own sake but for plot and character development. Viewed in context the work is done "in good faith," "presents genuine artistic or literary material, valid moral and social issues," etc. Anyway, the self-regulators would conclude, no one has yet proved that violence on television harms children: we're keeping up with the research and when . . . etc.

All this is standard procedure for the industry. But it was disturbing to have "The Tormentors" come to us with the approval of a federal agency. At the end of the program, there was this acknowledgment: "The producers extend their appreciation to J. Edgar Hoover and his associates for their cooperation in the production of this series."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Why, yes, Captain Flash, I did write that I loved you madly, but I was only nine at the time."

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Filming *Marat/Sade*

LONDON.

PERHAPS the most eagerly anticipated new film now in production in England is Peter Brook's adaptation of Peter Weiss's *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*—more popularly known simply as *Marat/Sade*. Originally, Brook had planned to film the play in 16mm., so that some documentary record of this extraordinary theatrical achievement might be preserved; but the tremendous success of its Broadway presentation last season inspired a small flood of movie offers. Brook and his producer, Lord Birkett, chose the one, from United Artists, that would allow them the greatest artistic freedom, and they shot the play in a swift eighteen days using all the original members of the cast from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company.

Although known primarily as a theater man, Brook is no stranger to film, having previously directed Laurence Olivier in a stylish version of *The Beggar's Opera* and, more recently, *Lord of the Flies*. Putting *Marat/Sade* on celluloid, however, presented several problems not previously encountered. As he recently explained to me in a subterranean dressing room of the Aldwych Theatre:

"*Marat/Sade* is really two plays, and could actually be done in two ways. One is the central story of Marat and his assassination, which involves about eleven characters. But the larger play, using a company of forty, sets up the clashes and overtones that disturb the normal balance between the spectator and the actor. People become so personally involved in *Marat/Sade* that invariably some members of the audience walk out during every performance. They just can't take it. This was the quality I wanted to preserve in our film."

Because the camera is such a highly selective instrument, the preservation of this quality of audience involvement presented special difficulties. "To film a play," Brook continued, "you would suppose that you could put one camera in the balcony, one in the stalls, another in the boxes, and simply grind away. Not at all. You would get nothing—all the action, but none of the emotion."

Brook, a small, balding man who speaks with enormous deliberation and concentration, admitted that he had found his solution by watching films and televised showings of boxing matches. "The long shots give you the general overview," he pointed out, "but a moment later you are right in the thick of things, as involved in the action as the referee himself."

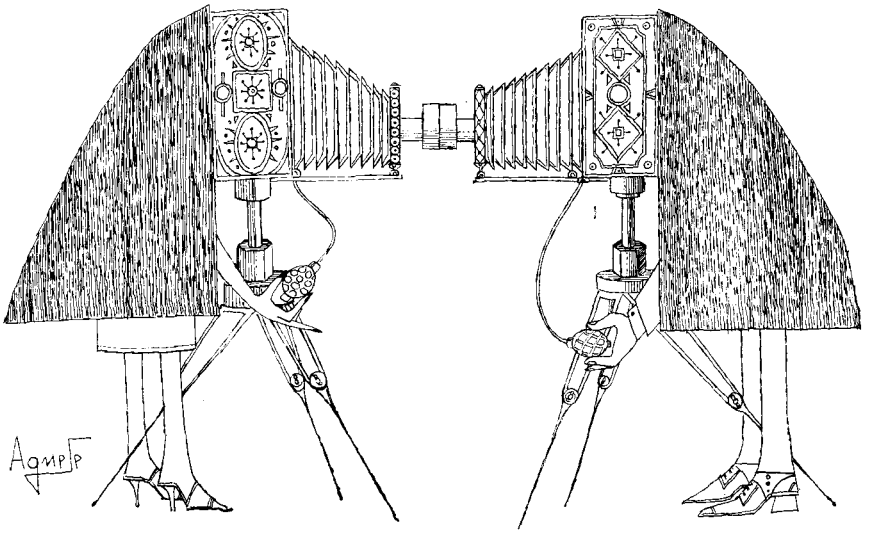
His solution, then, was to work simultaneously with two cameras – and sometimes more—one photographing the over-all scene from out front, the others deployed almost at random, hand-held, to rush in and pick out close-ups and bits of ensemble playing that would later be inserted into the master shots. "We might hold a single close-up on the screen for as long as five minutes while Marat or de Sade delivers a key speech," Brook explained, "and then trim other close-ups down to as few as five frames —just brief flashes that suggest the sort of thing a spectator in the theater might catch out of the corner of his eye. But with the camera the director has a tremendous advantage. He can be sure that his audience is looking *only* where he wants it to at any particular moment."

Color, too, Brook explained, is important to the mood of this film—a subdued, brownish background against which the players move in livid whites and blues. To achieve this, he introduced a revolutionary plan of pre-lighting the entire stage, retaining the one set-up throughout the entire shooting. By cutting together the results, he hopes to jolt the audience visually with sudden leaps from very "hot" shots of actors against white tile walls to somber long shots of the entire bath house at Charenton, the film's only setting. Editing, he expects, will take him another six weeks.

Brook's biggest problem with *Marat/Sade*, however, was to attain a film equivalent of the Brechtian "alienation"—the audience distance from the play—that is as much a part of Peter Weiss's theatrical technique as it is part of his philosophic approach to playwriting. "The camera can be terribly objective," Brook stated. "Its limited vision tends to make one identify with the characters, to get closer to them than Weiss envisioned or the theater allows." To counter this, the movie set included a vast grille, like the bars of an animal cage, that ran the width of the stage; repeatedly, the camera retreats behind it to reveal the shadowy spectators, the guests at Charenton, who have assembled to witness de Sade's ghoulish presentation. And, at the end, guests and patients alike join forces, moving deliberately toward the camera, clapping as if *they* were applauding the audiences gathered to see *their* movie.

Brook has no expectation that his picture will ever play Radio City. Realistically budgeted at under $500,000, it can make out quite well in the international art houses—and if it wins a wider audience, so much the better. The main thing is, he feels, that he has been able to present on film not merely the text, but the texture of a play that, by its very nature, does not bear frequent repetition on the stage. The kind of ensemble playing that it requires involves an extended rehearsal period not often economically feasible outside an established repertory company. And the emotional stress that it puts on its performers makes anything like a sustained run impossible.

But shortly, thanks to film—and to a director knowledgeable in both film and theater—*Marat/Sade* can reach vast sections of the public that would otherwise be deprived of one of the most fantastic, shocking, and exciting experiences in the history of the modern theater. Few films have been produced with greater seriousness of purpose, or with less commercial compromise. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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Gibraltar Revisited

GIBRALTAR.

ON A SUMMER DAY in the Twenties the S.S. *Naldera* steamed into Algeciras Bay. It was July and the ship was teeming with school children returning to Gibraltar to spend the long summer vacation with their parents. I was one of those children. Ahead of us the Rock lay like a great dog on the blue mat of the Mediterranean Sea; behind us the Atlas Mountains rose out of Africa; to our left the hills of Spain curved toward the narrow isthmus that divided the Rock from the region of Andalucia.

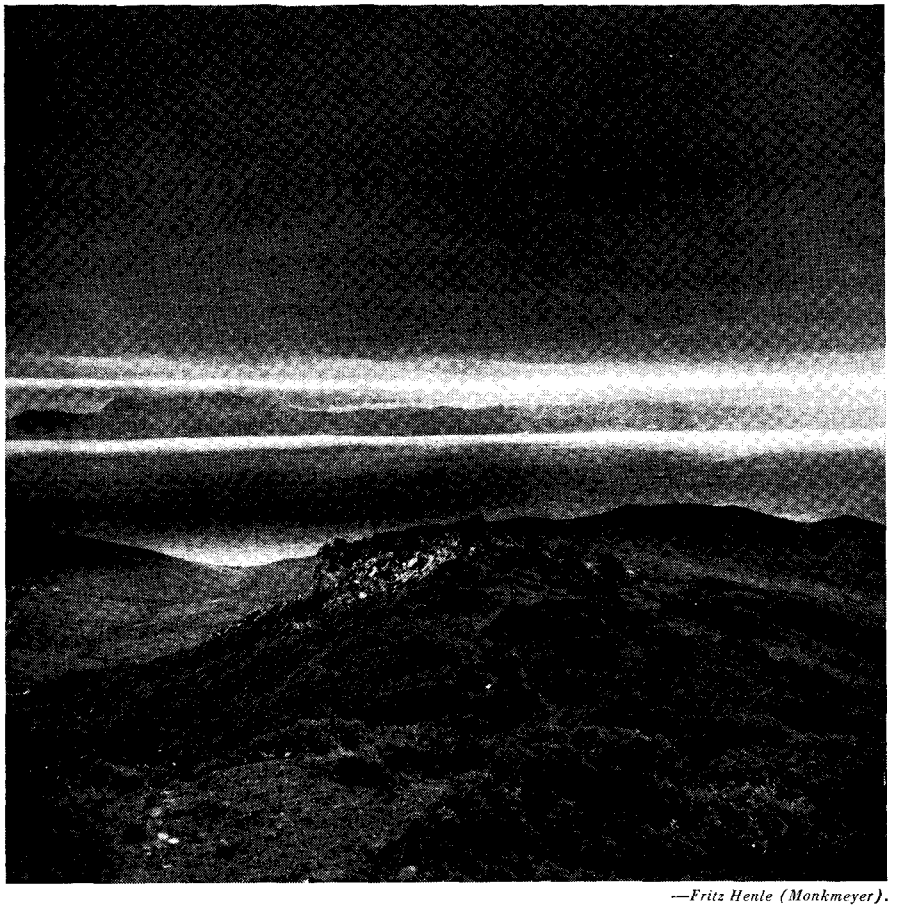
That great Rock, three miles long, and rising 1,396 feet above the sea, hardly looked as though it were one of the most important possessions of the British Empire; or as if it were bristling with guns in its fortified caves and was one of the strongest garrisons in the world. The town, sprawled along the lower west side of the Rock, shone in the afternoon sun. It was hot and serene. The world was good.

Four decades later, on a bright December day, I pressed my nose to the window of a British airliner as we flew over Algeciras, left Africa behind, and in a moment were rounding the east side of the Rock and coming down on that very isthmus that still divides a little bit of Britain from Spain. But I did not know what welcome awaited me this time. My father was ill.

"What a cute little bit of the world, no bigger than Central Park. Why are they making such a fuss about it right now?" asked an American tourist behind me. No one seemed disposed to reply.

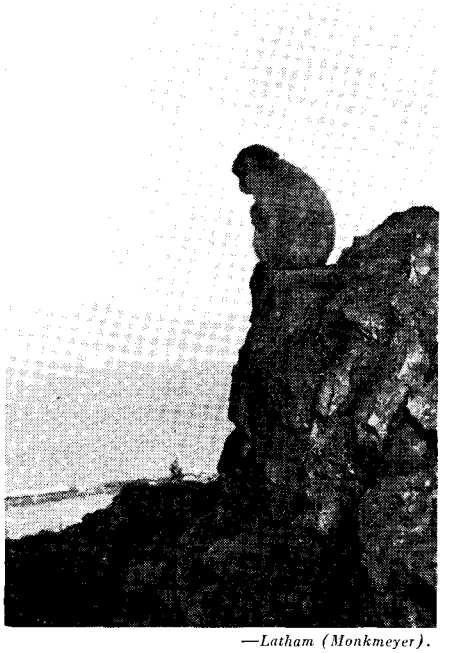
From the air everything seemed to be exactly as we had left it forty years earlier, except that everything went whizzing by. I felt rather like Alice tumbling down the well or like a spectator at a film when the projectionist goes crazy and runs it at double speed. I wanted to scream out, "Stop, I want to see that bit again!" but we were taxiing down the airstrip under the high north end of the Rock.

"Guess that's where they got the picture for the Prudential ad," said the tourist. She was right. We disembarked and I learned that my father was dead.



—*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*

Africa (background) from the Rock—"strength and a valiant past."



—*Latham (Monkmeyer).*

The Barbary ape watches over everything.

Geographically, nothing had changed in forty years; no earthquake had shattered, no World War II had obliterated, no pestilence had laid bare this famous fortress. It still lay serenely guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, looking much as it must have done to the Arab conqueror Tarik Ibn Zaid in 711 A.D. when he came across from Africa, conquered it, and the Rock became known as Jabal al-Tarik or Mt. Tarik For about seven-and-a-half centuries Jabal al-Tarik was in the hands of the Moors, then the Spaniards recaptured it on the feast day of St. Bernard (August 20, 1462), and he became the patron saint of Gibraltar. In 1713 it was ceded to Great Britain at Utrecht.

Thus all through the centuries nations have quarreled over this watch dog and left their marks. Phoenician ruins are still visible in the sea near the airstrip, and so is the Queen of Spain's Chair (a hill just over the Spanish border) where the Queen is reputed to have sat, refusing to move until her troops conquered the British in the siege of 1779. The siege went on for three years and the British held out, so the Queen was forced to vacate her chair and leave the hill as a constant reminder of Spain's desire for Gibraltar. The little cemetery outside the south gate of the town, where the heroes of Trafalgar lie, and Rosia Bay into which H.M.S. *Nelson* sailed with Nelson's body after that great battle, are only a few of the places that make one so aware of the strength of Gibraltar and its valiant past. Only the state of serenity of forty years ago is missing.

In the Twenties Gibraltar had belonged to Great Britain for more than

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200 years; two centuries when Britain was at her greatest. An important garrison town, the population consisted mainly of British naval and military personnel, the Eastern Telegraph Company (which maintained a very large staff here until Cable and Wireless, Ltd., took it over), traders and professional people of various nationalities, as well as the Gibraltarians themselves. Gibraltarians are descended from British soldiers, Genoese (of whom there was a great influx after the Napoleonic Wars), Maltese, Moroccans, and Portuguese. But anyone born on the Rock is a British subject.

THERE has always been a big transient population of Spaniards who come across the border or over the water from Algeciras daily to work in British homes, dockyards, shops, and offices. Now this livelihood is being restricted by the Spanish Government. Visitors are not troubled. In fact, they are welcomed, and there are many retired British living in sunny Algeciras and in the hills beyond, as well as on the Rock. But the poor, friendly Spaniards who go to the Rock to earn a living are subject to the most careful customs scrutiny by their own officials. I met one man who had left Algeciras in the morning with five cigarettes in his pocket. At night he returned with seven cigarettes. Two were promptly removed from him; it was called smuggling. And it is worse for the Gibraltarians, who need a special permit to enter Spain.

In the Twenties the British were a snobbish lot; they hadn't been softened by World War II. There were strong class distinctions: the Army, the Navy, and the Others. If you were good enough you were invited to Government House or the Admiralty parties. There were restaurants and even beaches banned to Gibraltarians; notices put up were as shocking as the segregation notices found in public places in the Southern states. An English child did not play with the "native" children. In fact, English children scarcely played with other English children unless the formalities of calling and card-leaving had been observed by their parents. This type of snobbishness takes a long time to die, but today life in Gibraltar is much more democratic and the Gibraltarian himself has become the important person. It is a feather in the British cap that the Gibraltar legislature and the people themselves now choose to be closely associated with the British, who maintain the ultimate control of foreign policy and jurisdiction in Gibraltar.

On many walls I saw great signs with such slogans as, "Two Hundred and Fifty Years of Freedom under British Rule," and at Christmas time nearly every shop bore the slogan, "Buy British, shop in Gibraltar." It was also at this time, just when the Christmas parties were about to take place, that the Spanish Government suddenly refused to export any more Spanish wine to Gibraltar. However, this did not faze the Gibraltarians; they merely ordered wines from Africa, and whisky poured in from the north. These visible signs of strength and loyalty, from people who know what it is like to be bossed by the British in a small area, are most heartening to and command a sense of active responsibility in the government in London.

Physically, the Rock has made great progress in the last forty years. North of the dockyards, land has been reclaimed from the sea and blocks of modern apartment buildings have been built to deal with Gibraltar's own population explosion. (It has a civilian population of 25,000 today and, like New York City, Gibraltar can only build upward.) It has apartment houses comparable to many in the United States, though fresh water is ever a problem. Every drop that falls from the skies is valuable. As it usually only rains from December through February, salt or "sanitary water" has to be used for most domestic purposes. The rain water is caught on huge concrete catchments on the upper and eastern side of the Rock.

From a distance these catchments look like great upended airfields, but they provide the water for the community as well as for eight hotels. Six hotels are in the town, and one, the large luxury Rock Hotel, is halfway up the Rock above the Alameida Gardens. Here you may swim in the pool and enjoy one of the most entertaining views in the world—liners, battleships, cargo boats, pleasure craft, and airplanes, which keep life in the Bay constantly on the move. Another Miami-like hotel, the Caleta Palace, on the east side of the Rock, adds a very American look to the little old-fashioned fishing village of Catalan Bay. The hotel looks directly across the Mediterranean to the East; it has a wonderful view of the sunrise, and sunshine until nearly 5 p.m. daily. The town and residential area on the west side of the Rock never see the sun until well into mid-morning.

When I was a child living on Europa Road, to go and see the sunrise was a very special occasion. We used to awaken an hour or two before dawn, dress hurriedly, leave the house quietly so as not to disturb the less adventurous, and make our way up the steep, deserted roads to the Upper Rock. Leaving the twinkling lights of the dockyards below us and occasionally stopping to draw breath and look back at the lights of sleeping Algeciras, we set off on our quest for the sun. It was a long haul and we felt very daring, but once we reached the summit, the sight that greeted us was to be imprinted on our memories

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forever. To lie awake at night in whatever part of the world you chance to be and recall this sight is an almost certain cure for insomnia.

When we reached the top the light already would be that opal color that spreads across the sky before the sun actually appears. Then gradually, pushing itself up over the horizon, in the direction of Jerusalem, the golden ball would burst forth. The moment it rose above sea-level the white houses of Màlaga, away down the Spanish coast to our left, and the distant town of Ceuta across the Straits in Morocco, gleamed in the new day's light. We felt intoxicated with the beauty of it all, and, turning to retrace our steps, became ravenously hungry for our British breakfast of eggs and bacon, as yet unready in the still dark and sleeping town.

But the west side of the Rock has the beauty of the sunsets. In the winter months they can be wild in color, with storm clouds and drama in the air, not unlike the lakes of Maine and Cumberland; but in the summer, after a sweltering day with the temperature in the 80s, it is very pleasant to sit with a cool drink in one hand and watch the sun go down over Tangier and hear the Sundown Gun of the garrison, which announces that the working day is over. When the dusk descends over the Straits of Gibraltar you lose sight of the Atlas Mountains. Across the bay in Algeciras the lights are switched on, answered by the millions of twinkling lights of the dockyards and the ships lying at anchor below. A ropeway to the top of the Rock, and a splendid restaurant, now are being built, but they never will offer sightseers quite the magnificent views that we saw under more enchanting conditions.

The Jet Age has made a considerable difference in social activities, but this has its compensations: after sundown you may take your choice of four cinemas where the best of British or American films are shown, all for about fifty cents. There are many more excellent restaurants and at least three dancing clubs with no entrance fees, and cabarets included. Gibraltar boasts several good jazz combos. I heard an excellent one practicing right across the street from my sister's home. It gave the gray, sunless mornings on the west side a rather raffish air.

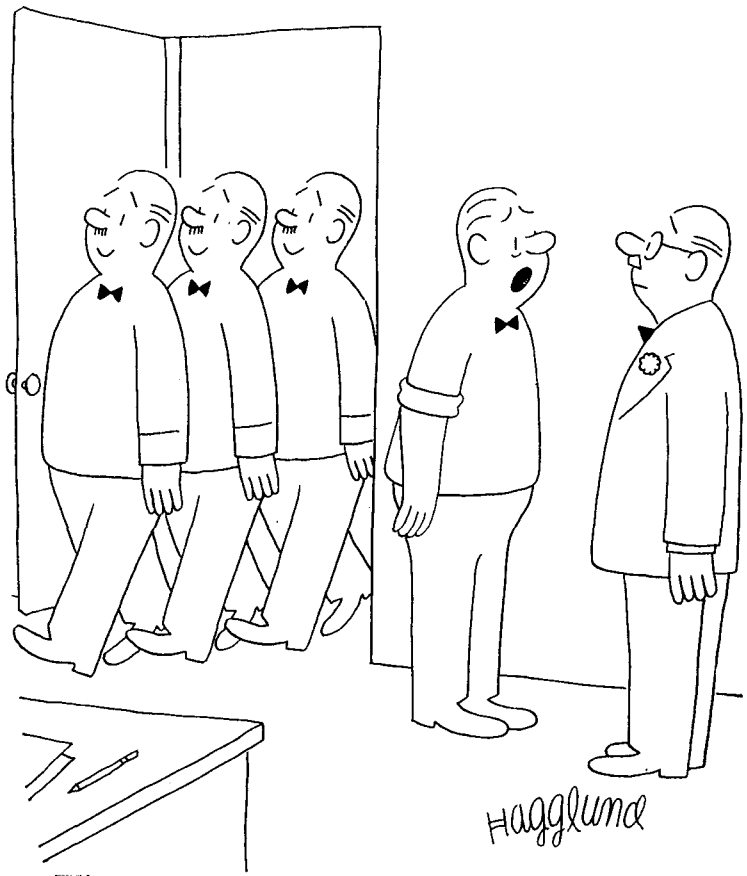
The International Sporting Club that houses the new Casino and restaurant on Europa Road opened recently, so people now throw their money on the gambling tables where they once placed it on a horse's nose at the racetrack on the North Front. This racetrack used to be a fashionable resort for officers and their ladies as well as for the professional gamblers. However, another age required the land for an airport. The fashionable set still frequent the area, but only on their way to the Costa del Sol (Spanish Government permitting), Tangier, or maybe for a short visit to Gibraltar. And the fashionable set of today is much less elegant than the horse-racing crowd used to be—and probably more prone to nerves and ulcers, because it used to take a holiday couple at least three hours to cross the Straits for their naughty weekend in Tangier, but now they are there in fifteen minutes' flying time, so there is little opportunity to enjoy one's companion, let alone the scenery.

Thanks to the temperate climate and the excellent facilities, boating, tennis, and swimming have always been the predominant sports in Gib. There is nothing nearer heaven than lying on that buoyant Mediterranean Sea on a scorching hot day with nothing over you but the bluest sky.

Shopping was always excellent in Gibraltar, with exotic goods from East and West, a tremendous variety of fruits, and tax-free liquor, tobacco, and cosmetics. The streets are the same little narrow ways built centuries ago, and it is hazardous to walk down the Main Street on a weekday; if you step off the narrow sidewalk the smallest cars in the universe can prod you in the back quite disastrously. But if one should be so unfortunate as to suffer an accident or become ill, at least four splendid hospitals now offer treatment.

More important, for the average healthy visitor there are still the famous Barbary Apes, the mascots who live in the upper regions of the Rock and occasionally take a trip downtown to scare timid ladies by entering their homes and stealing anything that shines or glitters. They behave like naughty, attractive children, worrying the tourists for tidbits, shamelessly delousing one another in public, posing on parked cars for photographers—and all the time watching everyone with those quick intelligent eyes, unemotional and timeless. There is a superstition that as long as they exist on the Rock, Gibraltar will belong to the British and remain the great guardian of the western entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.

Perhaps these apes will reign supreme long after humanity has died away. Perhaps they deserve to; maybe they are nicer than all the snobbish, quarreling human beings so conscious of their social, religious, or racial status. Anyway, they lend a feeling of perpetuity and even serenity to that magnificent, beautiful Rock of Gibraltar, where you can still escape from Atomic Age pressures, where food is good, the sun is bright, and it's fun to play with the Barbary Apes. —JOAN WHITE.



"Mr. Peebles fell into the Xerox machine!"

Joan White is a British actress and stage director who now lives in New York City.

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Three Memories of the Jazz Age

By Malcolm Cowley

I

WINTER TENEMENT: 1920

When everything but love was spent
we climbed five flights above the street
and wintered in a tenement.
It had no bathroom and no heat
except a coal fire in the grate
that we kept burning night and day
until the fire went out in May.

There in a morning ritual,
clasping our chillblained hands, we joked
about the cobwebs on the wall,
the toilet in the public hall,
the fire that always smoked.
We shivered as we breakfasted,
then to get warm went back to bed.

In the black snows of February
that bed not thirty inches wide
became our daylong sanctuary,
our Garden of Eden, till we spied
one spring morning at our bedside,
resting on his dull sword,
the rancorous angel of the bored.

"We raised this cockroach shrine to love,"
I said, "here let his coffin lie.
Get up, put coffee on the stove
to drink in memory of love,
then take the uptown train, while I
sit here alone to speculate
and poke the ashes in the grate."

II

EZRA POUND AT THE HOTEL JACOB: 1921

Condemned to a red-plush room
in a middle-class hotel
in the decay of summer,

here prowls the polylingual,
refractory, irrepressible
arch-enemy of convention—

red fox-muzzle beard, red dressing gown—
and growls at his guest while affably
scratching himself.

"London," he ruminates, "New York,
can't possibly live in 'em.
Provence might do.

"When I was in villeggiatura. . . ."

The afternoon droops like a hot candle.
Sweat beads on spectacles
slither like melted tallow.

Only, from the bed where he sprawls back
indomitable that obelisk of a beard
admonishes the heavens.

III

VOICES FROM HOME: 1923

Fresh from the factory.
Watch their eyes open!
Are you covered?

Are you then ten-pin or the ball? How fast do you think? Is your body ten years older than you are? Do you like fine things?

Are you covered?

You and your family need it now.
You and your family need it now.
YOU AND YOUR FAMILY NEED IT NOW!

Are you covered?

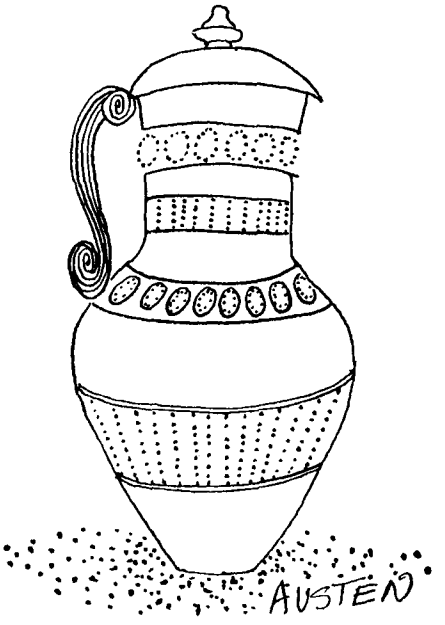
Good to the last drop. The sort of girl you stop to look at.
Makes the easiest way the best way. The sunshine of the night.
From the sheep's back to yours. A handy place to throw trash.
Keeps you warm as toast. No metal can touch you.

Are you covered?

(give her the gift you'd like to
get if not on sale in your vicinity
write for complete catalog and you
will avoid imitations and substitutes
if you are covered)

Relax tense nerves.
I like fine things and
my body is ten years older.
A handy place to throw trash?
A handy place to throw trash.

Good-by old flannel lining, good-by.
Old flannel lining, good-by.



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Summer Camp

THIS SEASON the New York Shakespeare Festival at the outdoor Delacorte Theater in Central Park is presenting two dark comedies and one dark history. The first dark comedy was *All's Well That Ends Well,* and director Joseph Papp's production unsuccessfully attempted to go against the grain of the play by using it to ridicule the notion that aristocracy and good breeding are anything but impediments to the operation of a just and healthy society.

Currently the Festival is offering Michael Kahn's production of *Measure for Measure,* which deals with the problems of both municipal and personal government. It begins with the former, as we see a *Marat/Sade* sort of parade of beggars and riffraff against a jail-like, white-brick background beautifully designed by Ming Cho Lee. The permissive Duke of Old Vienna has come to the realization that things have gone too far and that he lacks the kind of near-sighted ruthlessness that could bring about a needed correction. He therefore takes a trip, leaving the city in charge of a young puritanical fanatic who will enforce laws zealously. There ensues an over-compensation which has its uses, but in the process the personal hypocrisy and hidden repressions of a number of people are made evident. At the end, the Duke returns to punish each hypocrite with a mate worse than death.

The first two-thirds of the play is performed comparatively seriously, with Shepperd Strudwick's philosophical duke sounding very much like the late Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Strudwick is excellent in giving us a sense of sorely tried forbearance. As the fanatic Angelo, Tom Aldredge seems a combination of Tartuffe and D. H. Lawrence, a man who can sustain his absoluteness for just government only until the moment his body is accidentally touched by a woman.

That woman, Isabella, is played by Barbara Baxley, who earlier this year was so impressive as the self-centered Célimene in the University of Chicago's production of *The Misanthrope.* Here Miss Baxley again demonstrates her ability to make this kind of role entertaining and convincing. She turns "Good Sir, adieu" into a four-syllable rejection that would have sent Don Juan packing. Al Freeman, Jr., burns saucy and sinister as Lucio, the unscrupulous opportunist whose vanity leads him to irrational malice. And Charles Durning's Pompey is a wryly comic portrait of the professional petty racketeer.

In the last part of the play, director Kahn switches to an outright exercise in camp in order to make the welter of implausible plot details entertaining. There is one inspired moment when we watch at a distance as, to the accompaniment of David Amram's absurdly pastoral music, Isabella appears to be telling the rather bucolic Mariana about the plot in which Mariana will substitute for her in a planned assignation with Angelo. Suddenly we see her crumple in a dead faint, and when she comes to she looks credulously at the friar who would endorse such an escapade. Bette Henritze carries out the lark

with the precision and thoroughness required to make it truly funny and not just a stunt.

In a similar vein, Gregory Sierra gives a performance of the executioner right out of *Batman,* and Warren Wade amuses us as Barnadine, the fussy prisoner who insists that he will not be executed today. The danger that all this might turn the play into an effete caprice is forestalled both by the underlying genuineness of Miss Baxley's and Strudwick's performances and by the vigorous staging of the crowd scenes. In the latter, Mr. Kahn goes so far as to have the jeering populace place a wench atop a beggar to suggest the grotesquerie of the sexual revolution.

This is not just a bit of colorful staging, but rather seems to be part of an exploration by the director of the play's amazingly modern concern with the extent to which conscious behavior should reflect unconscious drives. The speech in which the Duke urges a condemned youth to make his life richer by accepting the inevitability of death is sound psychiatry. So, too, is Isabella's final recognition that the law must punish only acts and not intents.

The New York Shakespeare Festival has improved its sound system by the use of concealed portable microphones, which give lines increased clarity, and permit greater subtlety and directorial freedom. However, they also reveal that some of the company need to work on speaking technique to bring themselves up to the acceptable standard achieved by Miss Baxley and Strudwick. Thanks to them and to Kahn, this *Measure for Measure* emerges as one of the best in a long line of Central Park presentations.

THE LATE Georges Feydeau, author of such masterfully constructed French farces as *The Girl from Maxim's,* was once asked his formula for success. His reply was, "When in one of my plays there are two people who positively must not meet, I bring them together as soon as possible."

This summer the Jones Beach Theatre has accordingly brought a new excitement into its marine musical extravaganza, *Mardi Gras,* by bringing together two personalities who would seem among the least likely to meet, Guy Lombardo and Louis Armstrong.

Only in America, and only within a relaxed musical like this one, could such an improbable combination be offered. Fortunately, *Mardi Gras* [see SR July 1965] is suitably corny, filled with song cues such as "I like to over-rehearse love songs with you," and catchy, if derivative songs, by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Thus we don't mind the extraneous appearance of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians during a Mardi Gras ball finale. And Mr. Armstrong fits into the space filled last year by Wilbur de Paris and his New Orleans jazz band.

During this re-creation of an old-time Basin Street gambling saloon, Satchmo follows a couple of authentic period tunes with some anachronistic but popular favorites, including *Mack, the Knife* and *Blueberry Hill,* and he is supported by the pleasing antics of trombonist Tyree Glenn. The actual meeting of Lombardo and Armstrong comes later when the two shake hands and render one of the show's numbers, *Come Along Down,* with Louis playing the trumpet as Guy waves the baton.

But the chief virtues of this evening come from other quarters. Comedian Joel Grey, singer Barbara Ann Webb, and George Jenkins's colorful and unique production dominate. And for Armstrong and Lombardo fans, the tickets to *Mardi Gras,* priced from $2, also entitle them to ninety minutes of after-the-show dancing to music of two undisputed leaders in very distinctive styles of popular music. —HENRY HEWES.

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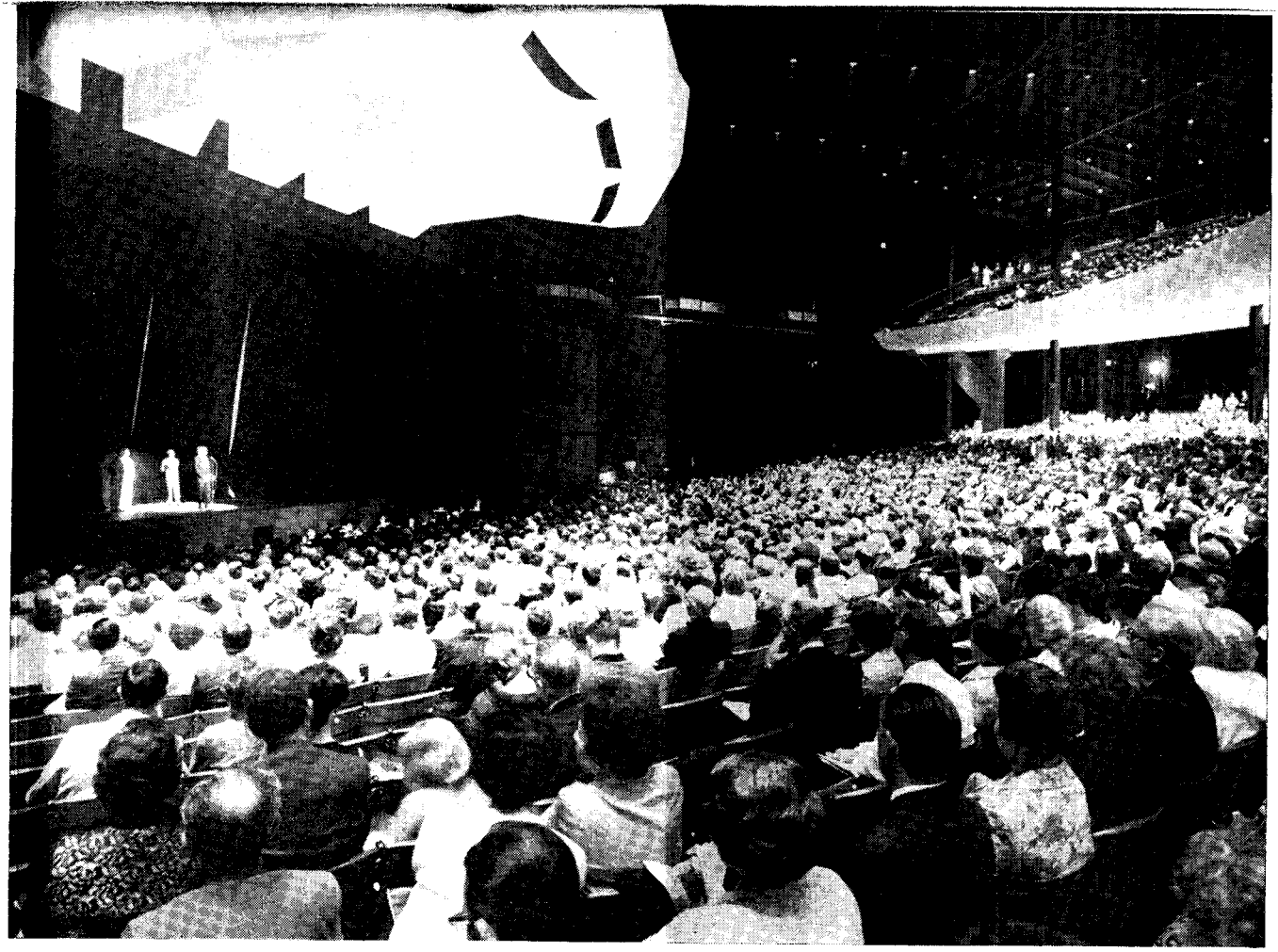

A panorama of the Saratoga Performing Arts Center during opening-night ceremonies. —Bob Mayette.

The New Center at Saratoga

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By IRVING KOLODIN

SARATOGA, NEW YORK.

LIKE MOST watering places, Saratoga, New York, has long been referred to as a "spa," for no better reason than the waters that bubble up from deep below the surface. As of this July, however, another significance has been added to the old set of letters with the welcoming, by those concerned with Saratoga Performing Arts, of the first audiences to its new Center. It, in turn, was welcomed by them as a happy new addition to the widening range of such summer facilities, coast to coast.

Here, for a change, was a circumstance in which man collaborated with nature to produce a result that neither could accomplish alone. Best of all, the particular men involved in this project, located on the rolling acres of Saratoga Springs State Park, have looked thoughtfully at predecessor examples nationwide and incorporated the good features of some and evaded the costly mistakes of others. The result is a combination of values that must command priority attention when others elsewhere, such as the Cleveland Orchestra's new project for Peninsula, Ohio, and the National Orchestra's at Columbia, Maryland, begin to take shape.

In a familial way, it is a third-generation descendant of the pioneer venture at Tanglewood (Lenox, Massachusetts) in combining a spacious covered pavilion with sides open to the best air conditioning of all, nature's own. There is also some suggestion of Ravinia, on Chicago's North Shore, in the concrete flooring that includes a large orchestra pit. And one hopeful observer likened it to the "Bowl" (there is only one Bowl in musical circles, and its address is Hollywood, California) in possessing 5,100 seats under cover, with room for perhaps twice as many more listeners on the sloping sides of the natural amphitheater that rises behind the pavilion itself. But architect Robert L. Rotner, of Vollmer Ostrower Associates, working in close collaboration with acoustician Paul Veneklasen, has moved on from these suggestions to evolve a structure unlike any other.

Visually, its most distinctive feature is the upper tier of boxes and balcony

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which provides some of the choicest seats of all. This is actually at ground zero of the level land around the building, reached by ramps or bridges. What they bridge is the steep decline of the natural bowl in which the construction is situated, down to the spacious semicircular first floor. A steel frame bears the weight of the poured concrete which forms the balcony, with supporting pillars at a minimum.

All this implies a substantial outlay, if hardly the $3,600,000 quoted as the cost of construction. Of this, nearly a million has gone into the site development by New York State, but a good part of the remainder has doubtless gone into the performing side of the footlights. Included is a stage house that rises 110 feet from the surface, with more than enough room in the scene loft to accommodate a season's repertory of the New York City Ballet. In addition to dressing rooms, backstage facilities include rehearsal halls, offices, storage space, and a fair share of the other resources to be expected in any well-equipped contemporary theater.

What it all expresses is an ambitious attempt to blend the resources of indoor working space for the performers, with the advantages of outdoor viewing and listening areas for the audience. No such enterprise ever works out just the way it looks on the drawing board, but first impressions are that both sides of the equation have been figured with sufficient latitude to bring them into balance when the inevitable adjustments become necessary. Some of the side seats are doubtless more satisfactory for hearing under concert conditions than they are for viewing for theatrical purposes, but the probability is that this suits the realities in the drawing power of one versus the other. On one pre-opening occasion, a rainstorm sent water cascading down the aisles and made an unwanted wading pool of the orchestra pit, but it may be presumed that countermeasures—meaning better drainage—have been instituted.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole arrangement is that, for all its height (it is the tallest structure in Saratoga County), the stage house does not jut up in an ugly obtrusion on the sylvan surroundings. The secret to this is that it has been sited at the bottom of a deep descent, which swallows up more than a third of the total height. Thus, as the visitor approaches from the higher, level land, he sees but a modest oblong at the top, masked by gables which give it, as one traveled viewer said (see cover photograph), something of a Japanese character. It's far from anything so fragile, but the manner in which it snuggles into the lay of this particular land disguises the bulk of a very large structure.

THE collaboration of man and nature was beautifully complemented, in the opening series of performances by the New York City Ballet, by the choice of George Balanchine's version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Allowing for a little geographical relocation, the "forest near Athens" could as well have been "A wood on the outskirts of Troy (New York)." The painted trees of David Hays's setting suffered some by comparison with the real things at right and left, but the Fairy Queen (Suzanne Farrell), Oberon (Edward Villella), and Puck (Arthur Mitchell) might well have emerged from the authentic greenery. This is not, to my taste, one of the best of Balanchine's creations, but when one walked away from the immediate surroundings, up to the back of the hill perhaps an eighth of a mile from the stage, it had some suggestions that were quite magical.

At this point, too, there were good omens for what might be expected when Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra take up their part of the dual schedule in August. The sound of the ballet orchestra directed by Robert Irving floated up to these outer areas with clarity and even better balance than had prevailed under the covered areas below. This is no commentary on the skill with which Veneklasen had planned his baffles and calculated his measurements. It is, rather, re-affirmation of the eternal principle that quiet and perspective are two verities in the perception of music which no indoor surroundings can satisfy as well as the best outdoor surroundings. Speakers have been provided to spray the outdoor areas with amplified sound, but the need for them should be carefully evaluated before they are put into use. My guess is that nature and man have collaborated at Saratoga to produce the newest of the best, without intrusive assistance from the machine.

Needless to say, all this did not come about in a completely spontaneous upsurge of interest, locally, in matters musical and balletic. It is, rather, the final development in an effort initiated six years ago under the direction of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller to make full use of the opportunities that presented themselves on the state reservation at Saratoga. In addition to modernization of the famous old Gideon Putnam Hotel, the improvements include the creation of an eighteen-hole golf course, a complex of several swimming pools, tennis courts, and picnic areas, all so well dispersed over the area's 2,000 acres that none impinges on the other.

Together they comprise a diversity of advantages for festival-goers that might have taken another enterprise, starting from scratch, twenty years (and as many millions) to develop. Prior to the institution of these improvements, says an official document, "the annual operating deficit of the reservation has approached $500,000 . . . as general interest in its health services has declined. . . ." The "opening of the Performing Arts Center," the same publicity release goes on to say, "is expected to stimulate the lagging economy of nearby Saratoga Springs."

Sharing Governor Rockefeller's enthusiasm for the project (of which his wife is chairman of the board) are such others of the family as John D. Rockefeller 3rd, and Laurance S. Rockefeller, chairman, New York State Council of Parks, both charter members of the Center. And Martha Baird Rockefeller has made im-

(*Continued on page* 61)

An aerial view of the bowl-shaped site during ground preparations in November 1964.

—Rob Mayette.

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THE NEW MUSIC OF POLAND

By OLIVER DANIEL

NOT SINCE the days of Chopin has the interest and curiosity of the musical world been captured by Poland as it has been during the past decade. This is largely because of the remarkable series of Autumn Festival programs given each year in Warsaw. And as a by-product, the best of the new Polish works are recorded during the actual performances and are made commercially available on the Muza (Polskie Nagrania) label immediately. This is the right way to bring attention to new music, and it should be a lesson to foundations, arts councils, and the like.

I first became aware of this excellent series of recordings on a visit to East Berlin with composer Elliott Carter. We stopped at the Polish information center, and there I discovered the impressive lists of Polish recordings. Works given during the Autumn Festivals of 1963, '64, and '65 are now available from SESAC at 10 Columbus Circle in New York and from several other record outlets. Individual 10-inch discs can be obtained for $3.35 and 12-inch discs for $4.25. Complete sets of each festival are $20.45. They are superbly performed and recorded.

The first Warsaw Festival took place in 1956, and it marked a musical upheaval in Iron Curtain countries. Isolated since 1939, first by Nazi domination and then by the rigors of the Stalin regime, the new composers were relatively unaware of most Western developments. According to available program information, the late works of Schoenberg, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Webern, Berg, and the like were new experiences when presented in Warsaw in 1956, and the Polish works—still tinged with the odor of Parisian neo-classicism plus socialist-approved folklorika—were merely promising.

Two years later, with all ears turned westward, the Russian-flavored Khrennikov line of socialist realism was joyously abandoned, and an esthetic freedom unlike that of any other People's Republic became manifest. A host of new Polish composers sprang up and flourished during this past decade like plants sprayed with gibberellic acid. Names that had had but scant attention or were entirely new suddenly began appearing not only in the annual Warsaw Festival but on programs far and away from Poland. Among them, these merit attention: Witold Lutoslawski, Tadeusz Baird, Wlodzimierz Kontonski, Zbigniew Bujarski, Kazimierz Serocki, Krzysztof Penderecki, Wojciech Kilar, Zbigniew Wiszniewski, Juliusz Luciuk, Witold Szalonek, Tomasz Sikorski, Henryk Gorecki, Edward Boguslawski, Grazyna Bacewicz, Andrzej Koszewski, and Krystyna Moszumanska-Nazar.

—*R. Komorowski.*

Witold Lutoslawski—"an elegant musicality."

With frightening enthusiasm the Poles welcomed all of the new approaches of the latent *avant-garde*. They tended to leap over the turgidities of the twelve-tonism of deepest Austria and went from the last of Webern onward. Boulez and Messiaen entered the scene; Ives, Cage, Cowell, Carter, and Schuller, as well as aleatoric efforts of Earle Brown, added an immense impact. And so too did jazz, particularly the farther out third-stream variety. Stockhausen, too, left his mark. The Italians also made a strong impression, particularly with works of Berio, Castiglioni, Nono, and Bussotti. Hardly an aspect of what is new and daring escaped them.

Most widely recognized abroad of the new men is Witold Lutoslawski, who was born in Warsaw in 1913. He was a mere forty-one when he completed his Concerto for Orchestra, a brilliant coloristic splash that foreshadowed much that was to come. (His *Little Suite* presented in the first Warsaw Festival became available in America a year earlier, according to the Schwann Catalogue and my own recollections, on a Vanguard disc along with a set of children's songs.) An orchestral *tour de force*, the Concerto is in three sections: "Intrada"; "Capriccioso Notturno ed Arioso"; and a "Passacaglia, Toccata and Chorale." It is brilliant, inventive, and professional *in excelsis*. In fact, it is really slick. It has enough low-key melodic interest to hold attention, but that is not its strong point. Its forte is color. Here, Lutoslawski, working in a somewhat anachronistic ambience, has written a work of old-fashioned vigor that does not seem merely carbon copied. It is an orchestral cousin to the virtuoso orchestral works of Boris Blacher and the late Béla Bartók. Indeed his relationship to Bartók is more than superficial. His deep admiration for him was expressed in his *Funeral Music for Strings* dedicated to the memory of Bartók and written for the 1958 Festival.

AN early work, Variations on a Theme of Paganini, is a virtuoso showpiece for two pianos performed by Eden and Tamir on a London disc (London CS 6934). After Paganini, Liszt, Brahms, Rachmaninoff, and Blacher, another set of variations on the same theme is a bit of youthful arrogance. They were written back in 1941, long before Lutoslawski developed any kind of personal style. They are clever and must be fun to play, and, frankly, if one is not surfeited with more repetitions of the same theme, they are light, easy fare.

Venetian Games was written for a performance in Venice in 1961. It is Lutoslawski's first venture into the aleatoric field, and the result is impressive and musical. It is a skillful blend of aleatoric procedures and cleverly ordered instrumental effects by a highly charged musical imagination. The architectural design, as in all of Lutoslawski's works, is broad and cohesive. In referring to his incorporation of the chance element, he says: "The dissolution of time connection between sounds does not appear a great novelty, yet its results may be of vast importance for a composer's technique. I mean both the possibility of enormous abundance of the compositions' rhythmical aspects without the increase of performance difficulties and the admission of a free complete performance of individual instruments within the orchestra. The com-

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poser remains the directing force in my work.

"The manner of performance which I prescribe for my new work has determined the use of the word 'games' in the title. I called them 'Venetian' because they were performed for the first time at a contemporary Music Festival in Venice in April, 1961."

The performance of the *Three Poems of Henri Michaux* on the Muza disc was awarded the Koussevitsky International Recording Award of $1,000 by the American International Music Fund of New York in 1964, and, in May, 1964, it was chosen as the best composition presented at the International Rostrum of Composers of UNESCO in Paris. Lutoslawski displays here remarkable originality, using voices with liquid motion. He seems to fuse lines of Gothic simplicity with eerie effects that would be apt and appropriate background for the forest scene in an unknown world. His is an elegant musicality, and he is writing some of the most striking music being composed during this mid-century time. The *Three Poems* is by all odds one of the best works for voices and orchestra to have come around in ages. The judges who selected this one did not err. It could be programed effectively by conductors here. But it is no easy tidbit.

ONE brief (three minutes and thirty seconds) gem of a piece is his *Postludium* for orchestra written in 1963 for the one hundredth anniversary of the Red Cross and given its première in Geneva under Ansermet. The recorded performance on the Muza disc by the Polish Radio Symphony Orchestra under Jan Krenz is striking. It begins like a turn of Klee's *Twittering Machine* and builds to an orchestral steam roller climax only to return to its aviarian littleness.

Anyone whose interest in this arresting composer has been stimulated to the point of pursuing his latest activities can do so at Hanover, New Hampshire, where he is presently participating in Dartmouth's annual "Congregation."

Krzysztof Penderecki, born in Debica in 1933, came to stunning and dramatic prominence with the performance of his *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima* for fifty-two string instruments. I first encountered it at the International Rostrum in Paris in 1961. The unpublished score is done with great thick lines of a heavy black editing pencil (to indicate *glissandi*) which give it an air of architectural construction. It results in being pure sound effects in an obvious attempt to evoke an almost literal tone picture of that tragic Hiroshima day. It suggests those early nineteenth-century battle pieces, *The Burning of Rome*, and the like. To me the picture is too obvious and fails to achieve any really satisfying stature as a work of art. But as sound it is brilliant. The string *glissandi* are reminiscent of those used by Henry Cowell in his Eleventh and Fifteenth Symphonies, but the impact is more in the manner of Varèse.

His *Stabat Mater* for three *a cappella* choruses of sixteen voices each, a work of a mere eight minutes, is also a highly dramatic work which again packs a real musical wallop. There is a true grain of intense sincerity behind the work of Penderecki that gives his music a compelling quality—one that is all too often lacking in much music being written today in which method, plan, system, and structure stand out like bones in an X-ray. Penderecki, like most of his Polish confreres, has a warm layer of skin over his musical bones. Although his *Stabat Mater* uses aleatoric devices, he hovers throughout on various tonal centers and ends with the most daring novelty, an exultant triadic chord.

Penderecki's Cello Concerto played by Siegfried Palm has many of the characteristics he has displayed in his earlier works, but here, where melodic invention is more demanded, the result is less impressive. His flirtation with the twelve-tone idiom makes melodic fragments quite like any number of composers staggering in the same vain. The distinguishing quality lies almost wholly in the free washes of orchestral sound. But on hearing the more formal Concerto, it makes one wonder whether he will really develop into an important composer or merely be an incredibly musical manipulator of orchestral textures.

Tomasz Sikorski was born in 1939 and is the son of a more conventional but well-grounded composer, Kazimierz Sikorski. He is a brilliant pianist and appears as soloist in his Concerto Breve for Piano, Wind Instruments and Percussion in the 1965 festival series. The concerto is scintillating and has an almost electronic quality. Without being able to examine the score I am at a loss to know whether it is dependent on chance or is completely notated. But the end is immaterial, for it is a work that perks up the ears. It chatters away most happily but is hardly a virtuoso vehicle, and I doubt whether any major pianists—the barn stormers—will ever put it in their repertory. His *Prologues for Female Chorus, Two Pianos, and Instrumental Ensemble*, in the 1964 series, bears a striking similarity to Henry Brant's *Grand Universal Circus* and *December*. The latter won the Prix Italia of 1,000,000 lira in 1955 and was subsequently broadcast extensively in Europe. In it Brant had thirty-two different verses sung simultaneously with as many different melodies producing a delightful vocal pandemonium quite like what one discovers in many of these Polish works.

IT may be more than mere coincidence to observe the quite remarkable similarities between the works of Sikorski, Penderecki, and others to the Brant work, and it is highly ironical that we should hear the works of Polish composers on record while no *major* work of Brant—despite his prestigious prize—is available in recorded form here. But back to Sikorski. Whatever the influence, this is another work of vitality and invention. It has real freshness and excitement.

New Yorkers had their first exposure to the mind of Wojciech Kilar this season when Lukas Foss introduced his *Riff 62* with the New York Philharmonic. Kilar was born in 1932 and studied in Paris with Boulanger, but one could hardly believe it. But Boston—bless it—discovered Kilar in 1960 and awarded him the Lili Boulanger Prize. Kilar's most recent work, available in the 1965 set, is called *Springfield Sonnet for Orchestra*. Since notes are not supplied with the recording, I have no notion about the meaning of the title. But I know it is full of exciting sounds; it is refreshing, breezy, and alive. A work written a year earlier, *Dipthongos*, calls for a chorus of 120 persons, three groups of percussion players, and twenty-eight strings. The chorus produces crowd noises that would have delighted Varèse as well as the engineers who produce crowd noises for TV and radio dramas. The integration of vocal and instrumental lines is handled expertly. Kilar's five-minute *Generique* for large orchestra is more conventionally *avant-garde*. Varèse-like, indeed, but compellingly musical. What he packs in this brief essay is an earful. He has distilled some of the best of current trends and come up with a brief masterpiece.

Microstructure (1963), a foray in electronic music by Kotonski (one of the older men of the young group; born in 1925), seems rather faceless and is indistinguishable from the similar works being done wherever electronic music is being taped. Already the adjective "old hat" comes to mind, though one cannot deny the end result is quite musical. His Wind Quintet of 1965 contains passages straight out of the music of Elliott Carter, whose Etudes for Wind Quintet were performed in the 1962 Warsaw Festival. The Carter work goes back to

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More of the Ellington Era

COLUMBIA'S *The Ellington Era, 1927-1940*, Volume Two (C3L 39) is, like its predecessor, Volume One (Columbia C3L 27), a collection of three LPs, drawn in this case from forty-four old 78 r.p.m. titles. To say that it is not quite so good a collection overall as the earlier one is perhaps not to say very much. In Duke Ellington we are dealing with one of our greatest musicians, and his failures may interest us as much as the successes of lesser men.

I shall not attempt exhaustive comments on the new volume, for it seems to me that in 1966 it would be more appropriate to try to put in perspective this man's whole recorded career to date rather than dwell in detail over a part of it. Let what follows, therefore, stand as some appreciative jottings by one listener on some of the music at hand.

The album necessarily begins less auspiciously than the previous one, for that set already gave us versions of "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Black and Tan Fantasy," and "The Mooch," the early collaborations with trumpeter Bubber Miley that had so much to do with the affirmation of Ellington's talent and direction as an orchestrator and leader. But here the first titles do show Ellington trying out his soloists (and the second piece, "Take It Easy," indicates what good ones he had by 1928); or they show him trying out various textures and effects and discovering an ensemble character for his orchestra; or they show him, on "Move Over," cautiously experimenting with unusual structures; or they find him significantly testing several personal moods within the basic blues form. However, the first LP in the album ends with the expanded, 1932 version of "Creole Love Call," an appropriate juxtaposition of themes from Miley and Rudy Jackson, and "Creole Love Call" is perhaps the best of all the early pieces, in part because of the appropriate modesty of Ellington's own contributions in scoring.

And here is Ellington in his 1932 version of "Rose Room" providing his soloists with encouraging background figures strictly to the chordal contours of the piece. Any other arranger of the time would probably have plowed through with riffs on a harmonic makeshift, and hoped for the best.

Ellington's own "Showboat Shuffle," from three years later, is a gem of momentum, in theme, in variations (written and improvised), in orchestration, and in technical execution.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Duke Ellington (c. 1940) —"a gem of momentum."

The 1935 "Reminiscing in Tempo," originally issued on four ten-inch 78s, is almost unique among Ellington's extended works. It is not an alliance of several themes like the earlier long works, nor is it a suite, like most of the later ones. "Reminiscing in Tempo" is a sustained exploration of one main theme, plus some complimentary motifs. There are solo moments, but Ellington's real vehicle in the piece is the orchestra, its resources and textures. "Reminiscing in Tempo" is the sort of instructive piece of American music that might be in the repertory of every "stage" band in our high schools and colleges. (Ah, but will it ever replace the Stan Kenton *kitsch* which so many of our faculty band instructors inflict on their charges? Apparently these men accept the press-agentry about Kenton's "innovations" and "artistry," in which case they cannot know Ellington's work.)

"Azure," neglected perhaps because it is so simple, is one of Ellington's most affecting slow, introspective mood pieces. It has a weak release but its main strain is superbly scored. And its melody is neither too "vocal" in character—as, say, "In a Sentimental Mood"—nor too sentimental—as "Lost in Meditation." A ritual sentimentality can be the curse of sophistication, and an urbane sophistication is the cornerstone of Ellington's genius in its successes and its failures alike.

So, I have used *genius*, a word that is easy to use, but a quality not so easy to demonstrate, and impossible to "prove." If I were to pick one title from this set for such a demonstration, I think it would be the cryptically titled "Old King Dooji" from 1938.

On this work Ellington provided a continuously varied theme and presented it with written and improvised variations. Most of the jazz composers around him at the time would have broken such material into snippets, orchestrated it much more simply, spread it out, and made several pieces out of it, depending for their effects on the force of repetition of two-bar riffs. Yet Ellington's logical little work is neither disparate nor overloaded.

In a sense I am carping to say so, but it seems to me that there are better ways to present Ellington's career than the one Columbia is using. It would be more enlightening to have his music documented year by year, and record date by record date, than to keep going over the same thirteen years with each album. Probably some listeners will feel that Columbia is simply putting together all the Ellington material it happens to have on hand in good 78 copies as each set comes due. I doubt it, and it may be that the company feels the procedure it is using makes the material more marketable. (For all I know, it does.)

In any case, it is not time to stop. Still pending are the 1937-1938 versions of "East St. Louis" and "Black and Tan," two instances in Ellington's career where a return to former glories, and using different soloists, brought about superior versions. There is the 1939 recording of that marvelously titled piece, "Doin' the Voom Voom." Compared with the original version of ten years earlier, it is a revelation of the technical evolution of jazz ensemble playing, particularly in the rhythm sections, and of Ellington's evolving ideas of sonority. It is also succinct evidence of the master's influence. For over the years "Doin' the Voom Voom" was raided, literally two bars at a time, by swing-band arrangers as source material for their "originals."

And just in case Columbia should run out of studio-made records, there is, say, the sound track to Ellington's 1935, all-musical movie short, comprising his first important suite, "Symphony in Black," the rights to which should not be difficult to clear for LP. No, it is not time to stop. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Recordings in Review

"Pulcinella" in Full

STRAVINSKY: *Pulcinella. The composer conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra with Irene Jordan, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass.* Columbia ML 6281, $4.79; stereo MS 6881, $5.79.

AS THE chain of Stravinsky's accomplishments grows longer, it becomes more apparent that every link of it is no more dispensable than any other. That is to say, the omission of any one, whether large or small, disrupts the living tissue of the whole. It may even apply to a part of a part, as in the case of *Pulcinella.*

As commonly performed, and most often recorded, the favor is disposed to the suite made by the composer, a sequence of mostly bright dance movements for orchestra. But the omission of the vocal episodes deprives the listener of more than contrast. As heard in the prior recording under the composer's direction (an early LP now deleted) or in the recent concert performance in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's Stravinsky series, the total work illuminates more than a little of the writing he was doing, not only immediately before, but long after.

In the first solo of the soprano, with its oboe and flute embellishments, there is, suddenly, more than a suggestion of similar matter in *The Rake's Progress,* which did not come into being until another quarter of a century had passed. The treatment of the male voices, on the other hand, harks back to *l'Histoire du Soldat.* Finally, if there were any doubt which phases of Stravinsky were cultivated by Orff in *Carmina Burana* (a work which should have been, but wasn't, incorporated in the Philharmonic's survey under the part of it devoted to "Stravinsky's Legacy"), the insistent matter that the Russian master evolved from Pergolesi's *Il Fratello Innamorato* (heard at the end of side one) should provide its own answer.

Much of this may be of interest only to those who may be described as musical genealogists, but the whole of the recording will prove rewarding for those who listen well. All the vocalists are aptly chosen for what they have to do, which includes clean articulation of the texts. The attribution of the recording to Severance Hall suggests that the "Columbia Symphony" in this instance is much the same as the Cleveland Symphony which made the previous complete *Pulcinella.*

—*Metropolitan Opera photo.*

Gerda Lammers—"moments of impressive declamation."

Lammers's "Marienleben."

HINDEMITH: *Das Marienleben. Gerda Lammers, soprano, with Gerhard Puchelt, piano.* Nonesuch HB 3007, $5.00; stereo HB 73007, $5.00 (two discs).

WHEN Gerda Lammers made her well-remembered but none too warmly received series of performances in *Elektra* at the Metropolitan a few years ago, it was said, in extenuation for certain vocal shortcomings, that she was essentially a *lieder* singer. This might have been true then, but this venture, welcome as it is for the material it embodies, fails of full effect for much the same kind of vocal shortcomings remembered from her Elektra.

For all of that, Lammers achieves some moments of impressive declamation of the Rilke texts, and now and again solves a taxing vocal problem in coloration of sound or sustained emphasis remarkably well (the by-product, no doubt, of considerable hard work and intelligent preparation). But for too many stretches of measures through the four sides, quaver reigns where control should prevail, and the ebb and flow of emotion are blocked by uncertainties of intervals and pitch. This is all regrettable, for it is quite evident that Lammers has a superior conception of a subtle and taxing work, which she unfortunately cannot deliver to the full effect as she conceives it.

As a work, this revised version of 1948 remains a testament to Hindemith's growth as a creative personality, to the depth of his penetration of the material to which he addressed himself, and to his ability to organize what he felt about it into a cohesive whole. It is, alas, not presently available in a properly qualified version. Columbia would be rendering a real service if it issued, in some properly ceremonial form, the best performance on discs to date: Jennie Tourel's with Erich Itor Kahn at the piano.

Trio by Ives

IVES: *Trio (1904).* COPLAND: *Vitebsk.* BLOCH: *Three Nocturnes. Nieuw Amsterdam Trio.* Decca DL 10126, $4.79; stereo DLS 10126, $5.79.

TRIO records are hardly so common that any can be passed by without attention. In the case of this uncommon one, the attention is built into the content, all of it something of a digression from the main path of the composer's writing. And, it may be added, the more illuminating for the rarity of opportunities to hear it.

In the case of the Ives, it may be doubted that even persons relatively well acquainted with his orchestral works, songs, and instrumental sonatas know of its existence. A product of the period of the Third Symphony, it casts a fascination not so much for achievement as for striving. That is to say, unlike some other works by Ives that arrive at an equilibrium between his conventional and unconventional impulses, the Trio is in large part a dialogue between them that is never quite resolved.

At the outset Ives is immersed in a chromatic exposition that could be mistaken for something that Schoenberg was experimenting with (quite unknown to him, of course) in Vienna at about the same time. But the counterpull in Ives to quite a different kind of expression asserts itself in a drift to a hymn-tune kind of expression, which argues with and finally subdues (for the moment) what has preceded. Ives's obsession with the folk and popular songs on which he was nurtured asserts itself in the scherzo, in which "Rally 'Round the Flag" dissolves into "Jingle Bells" and "Ta-ra-ra-bom-de-a" becomes, as suddenly, "Old Folks at Home." Each is subjected to his familiar kind of wilful distortion, but the contrapuntal lines emerge more clearly than they do in some of the orchestral works because each instrument occupies its own aural plane. Eventually the whole work comes to be dominated by "Rock of Ages," whose rugged outlines may be expressive of Ives's musical as well as religious faith (assuming that one could be separated from the other).

Copland's *Vitebsk* of 1929 is not one of his full-formed pieces, embodying some temporal interests in Russo-Jewish

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materials that rarely recurred in his works. With Bloch, the emphasis is quite otherwise. They are decidedly impressionistic vignettes, beautifully formulated by his considerable compositional craft.

The trio's pianist—Edith Mocsanyi—is the most dependable, technically, of the group, for both violinist John Pintavalle and 'cellist Heinrich Joachim are fractionally off pitch from time to time (not alone in the Copland, where it is intentional). The Ives appears to have inspired a long period of preparation, and is the best performed of the record's content.

Fischer-Dieskau-Moore

SCHUBERT: *"Seligkeit"; "Heidenröslein"; "Horch, horch die Lerchen"; "Des Fischers Liebesglück"; "Fischerweise"; "Der Jüngling an der Quelle"; "An die Laute"; "Die Forelle"; "Auf der Riesenkoppe"; "Lachen und Weinen"; "Dass sie hier gewesen!"; "Sei mir gegrüsst"; "Du bist die Ruh"; and "Waldesnacht." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 36341, $4.79; stereo S 36341, $5.79.

TO SELECT from the enormously productive relationship of Fischer-Dieskau-Moore (a double hyphenation made almost inevitable by the closeness of the tie that binds them) one disc that typifies that relationship above all others may border on futility. However, I have not heard another in recent years which seems as worthy of that singular status as this one.

It is not alone that it embodies as close to an equality of impulse as two musicians can come. Rather it is that they are capable of rising to such heights not in a collation of esoterica, but in such common coin of Schubert's realm as the familiar titles listed above. What is magical about the outcome in "Horch, horch die Lerchen" (sung, of course, in German), "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," "Die Forelle," "Heidenröslein," and "Du bist die Ruh" is not so much the many felicities they have learned to include, but all the exaggerations, distortions, and needless strivings for emphasis they have learned to leave out. Merely the soft-breathed "Luise" in "Der Jüngling an der Quelle" is a summation of the singer's art that few performers ever comprehend, let alone achieve. And the whisper of sound with which Moore answers his partner is as much a part of the impulse as the breathed word itself.

Angel could have saved itself some future duplication of effort as well as some present expense by installing this collection immediately in its "Great Recordings of the Century" catalogue.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Let There Be Light (Operas)

FOR THE RARE and not unpleasant feel of provincial opera on records, thanks are in order to Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft for its recent issue of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* (stereo 138 971/72, also available in mono 18 971/72). Most opera-goers are familiar with the top-level performances on discs by La Scala, and the less consistent ones at the Teatro dell' Opera of Rome, where inbred orchestral playing varies with singing of international quality. These are the deluxe outfits, which, along with the San Carlos of Naples and the Massimo of Palermo, form the currently select group among Italian theaters. Florence, Turin, Venice, Trieste, Genoa, and Bologna offer secondary companies of good repute. Below them in quality come the passing *stagioni* of Parma, Modena, Reggio Emilia, Catania, and Bari.

Perhaps it was not Deutsche Grammophon's intention, in the new *Don Pasquale*, to bring us a performance of "provincial" character. Yet there is nothing at all displeasing about what has evolved. No virtuosity runs away with the performance, which bears a pristine freshness. The motivation is solid, the execution more than adequate. "Provincial" opera lays emphasis on the work at hand, on the music as an experience rather than on an internationally famous cast and conductor. The results can be surprisingly good. And thus a homespun but eminently passable quality pervades this *Don Pasquale*.

True, Donizetti's gem of a score calls, under ideal circumstances, for more brilliant singing, for musical direction with a greater flair. One's memories may go back to a Metropolitan production of the mid-1930s with Pinza in the title rôle, Panizza conducting, Bori, Schipa, De Luca in the other leading parts. In addition to the peerless singing on that occasion—witty, poised and sonorous—one recalls the delineative flair of the orchestra, its telling and incisive accents. Such recollections are not altered by the current DGG recording; but one can enjoy, in good measure, one of the most attractive pieces in or out of the repertoire.

The Deutsche Grammophon cast—backed by the orchestra of the Florence May Festival under the direction of Ettore Gracis—varies widely in quality. Ugo Benelli, a lyric tenor previously unknown to me, sings with beautiful tone, immaculate phrasing, and a driving rhythmic sense. One has admired the Ernesto of Valletti and Alva—but on evidence of the current recording, Benelli would seem to surpass them both.

Anna Maccianti, the Norina, is generally adequate and sometimes better than that, save for a shrilly interpolated "D" at the end of the second-act finale. Mario Basiola, Jr., an artist of refinement, performs acceptably as Malatesta. And Alfredo Mariotti, the Pasquale, though denying us those desirable little excursions into the ridiculous and the pathetic that are hallmarks of a fine performance in the part, comes off with credit. The voice is serviceable; he merely lacks humor. Here again, as with the cast's rhythmical drive, a straightforward approach may have been set by the maestro. Since the production is wanting in pliancy, some of Donizetti's elegance and verve goes unrealized; but this recording has, at least, the virtue of no eccentricities. The orchestra, if short on finesse, plays dependably.

ANOTHER recent *opera buffa* issue is *La Zingara* (Turnabout stereo TV 34033, also available in mono), by an obscure eighteenth-century composer, Rinaldo da Capua. Built along the spare lines of an early intermezzo, a score like *La Zingara*, if it is to live at all, needs top artists to attract and hold the listener's attention. All three principals in the Turnabout release are capable enough; but only the basso, Laerte Malaguti, stirs some degree of interest in this paper-thin comedy about a miser and a gypsy girl. The Mainz Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of Günter Kerr, does a workmanlike job.

Last among this month's light releases comes a British album called "The Intimate Opera of the Baroque," featuring Pergolesi's *The Musik Master* (in English adaptation), Purcell's masque from *Timon of Athens*, and other little works by Thomas Arne, Henry Carey, James Hook, and James Oswald (Everest stereo 3138/3). The scores are performed by a small instrumental group and three unidentified singers among whom the tenor is excellent, the soprano much less good, and the basso resourceful in that he makes a comic point of urgent vocal detours. The Pergolesi is too long for its content, and the other works, save for Purcell's masque and Oswald's amusing *Dustcart Cantata*, too similar in mood. They breathe a regimented intimacy.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Gutché: Symphony No. 5 for strings. Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. La Montaine: Concerto, Op. 9. Karen Keys, piano; with the Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra conducted by Guy Fraser Harrison. CRI D189, mono and stereo, $5.95.	Though the Gutché Symphony gets first billing in the arrangement of this disc (perhaps for none other than an alphabetical reason), La Montaine's strikes me as possessing more general interest. The rehearing for the first time since 1959 (following which it was awarded a Pulitzer Prize) shows why it attracted attention at the time. The composer has a sizeable sense of what he is about, and why: he puts the solo instrument in a strongly individual relationship to the orchestra, and sustains the character of both through the three movements. The score begins somewhat unpromisingly, but finds its stride soon enough, and holds to it thereafter. Miss Keys, who is otherwise unknown to me, makes a strong impression in her performance of the solo part, even against the recollection of its original interpreter, the powerfully endowed Jorge Bolet. Gutché's work moves along briskly from first to last (save for a customary slow movement) but, too often, without stirring from the place where it started. That is to say, it preserves this characteristic, too, of Hindemith, who seems Gutché's strongest source of example. The performance directed by Rudolf is sure, sound, and altogether illuminating.
Honegger: *Rugby; Pastorale d'été; Pacific 231.* Debussy: Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra; Rhapsody for Clarinet and Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with Sigurd Rascher, saxophone; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. Columbia ML 6059, $4.79; stereo MS 6659, $5.79.	One of the incidental revelations of this attractive miscellany is that the lesser works of an outstanding composer are likely to be more interesting than the lesser works of a composer not quite so outstanding. Thus, both Debussy rhapsodies have a higher content of absorbing musical ideas than the three pieces of Honegger. They also have, in Messrs. Rascher and Drucker, soloists of a quality to realize all they contain. Of the Honegger inventions, there is more durable interest now in the quietly aristocratic *Pastorale* than in the journalistic *Jeux d'esprits*, which commanded much more attention when first performed. It is perhaps exaggeration to say that one who didn't know which title went with which piece later might confuse the football game with the steam engine, but it is within the realm of possibility. Bernstein takes a connoisseur's pleasure in making each piece as close as possible to what he imagines must have been in the composer's mind which, in the case of *Pacific 231*, is superior to any previous version. Good sound, too.
Milhaud: *Amériques; L'homme et son désir.* Honegger: *Pacific 231.* Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra, with Blanche Christensen, soprano; Myrene Nixon, mezzo-soprano; Ronald Christensen, tenor; and Pym Chartrand, bass. Vanguard VRS 1156, $4.79; stereo VSD 71156, $5.79.	The "plastic poem" created by Milhaud in 1918 for the *Ballets Suedois* is not only the best music included on this disc, but also the conception that comes closest to realization in the performance. In both the pre-electronic *Amériques* and the post-impressionistic *Pacific 231*, Abravanel's forces are under heavy pressure to sustain musical sound when the works they are concerned with verge on noise, and the point of excess is breeched more than once. Indeed, a comparison with the current version of *Pacific 231* by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic shows, clearly, the order of values that prevail in one case but not the other.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 2 (*Four Temperaments*). Tivoli Concert Symphony Orchestra conducted by Carl Garaguly. Turnabout 4049, $2.50; stereo TC 34049S, $2.50.	The steady pattern of reappearance, on discs, of Carl Nielsen's major works is an interesting commentary on the durability of their content. Even when it is, as in this case, the reissue of a version originally circulated several years ago, it bears with it the implication that something more than the impact of novelty or the stimulus of curiosity is involved. The artistic values in Garaguly's effort have not eroded with age, and if the quality of sound tends to a little shrillness in the upper register, the totality is quite within the range of acceptability. The rehearing confirms the stimulation marshaled here in Nielsen's mastery of the symphonic process and lessens, somewhat, the complaint previously registered against the lack of "aural glue" in his ideas. Missing, as filler on side two, is his version of the *Little Suite* contained on Vox STPL 550.
Schubert: Symphony in C (No. 9). Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Angel 36328, $4.79; stereo S 36328, $5.79.	It is perhaps an inverted compliment to say of this performance that it aroused expectations that were not quite fulfilled. For the order of those expectations was of the highest, conditioned by the identities of conductor and orchestra. Sir John has made more than his share of fine Schubert, and the Hallé Orchestra has a history of excellence in that composer's literature going back to one of the first recordings of this symphony by Sir Hamilton Harty in the Thirties. The results in this instance are certainly worthy of respect, but it is all a little too close to the vest, lacking in the flow and freedom one conceives as within the power of so fine a conductor as Barbirolli at his best.
Stravinsky: Concerto in D. Hindemith: Five Pieces (Op. 4, No. 4). Bartók: Divertimento. Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra. Angel 36335, $4.79; stereo S 36335, $5.79.	As any performer of Menuhin's competence would agree, the satisfactory re-creation of a musical work relates to more than the accurate execution of its notational content. Here it is Menuhin's tendency, in this still early period of his activities as a conductor, to see the work he performs through his own personality as a performer rather than adapt his personality to the needs of the individual works. This is most conspicuously apparent in the Stravinsky, where all sorts of "expressive" devices are smuggled into the texture, its laconic statements disturbed, and the appealing reticence that the composer intended for the arioso converted into a heart-wringing "confessional." He is closer to the mark in Bartók, a composer whose works he studied with the creator, but still disposed to soften some outlines and dilute some others. On the whole, the endeavor succeeds best in the Hindemith, which receives what it requires—straightforward execution. Robert Masters and Sydney Humphreys, violins; Walter Gerhardt, viola; Derek Simpson, 'cello; and Eugene Cruft, double bass are named as solo instrumentalists.
Tchaikovsky: *Sleeping Beauty* (excerpts). Boris Khaikin conducting the orchestra of the Leningrad-Kirov Ballet. Roulette OS 803, mono only, $3.79.	So potent is the appeal of this music that almost any qualified performance has its share of interest and reward. Certainly, Khaikin is such a qualified conductor, and much of the playing is of the first quality (especially the broad strokes of flute and clarinet coloration behind the flutterings of the Bluebird's interpreters). However, the whole is sadly devalued either (a) by the quality of the soundtrack accompanying the filming of the Kirov's *Sleeping Beauty* or (b) the transfer of it to the tape from which this recording was derived. It is, in any case, an aural result without the richness or depth of the sound in such a studio recording as Monteux's with the London Symphony on RCA Victor. Indeed, toward the end of side two, the sound becomes acutely irritating in its wiry string quality. —Irving Kolodin.

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Is There a Case for a New National Anthem?

THE FATAL DEFECT in Renee B. Fisher's argument [*SR*, June 25] against *The Star-Spangled Banner* as the national anthem is that he has never stopped to consider what a national anthem is. Music? Nonsense! A national anthem has only the remotest connection with the art of tone. An expression of the highest ideals and aspirations of the nation? Consider a few:

> Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks . . .
> Uber Alles, über aller in der Welt . . .
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos
> sillons . . .

could hardly be mistaken for extracts from the *Imitatio Christi*, but they chime excellently with

> Their blood has washed out their foul
> footsteps' pollution.

Obviously, a national anthem is not a song, not in any sense a work of art. It is a shot of adrenalin, a stimulus to the combative impulse. If it touches, not, indeed, poetry and music, but rhyme and rhythm, it is not for their beauty but for their effectiveness as incitations to homicide. The real objection to *The Star-Spangled Banner* is not its ferocity, but its relative quietism with its reference to "victory and peace" and its invocation of "the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation." For sheer, undiluted blood-thirst it is nowhere in comparison with Julia Ward Howe's banshee-screech, "Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel." Mere killing is philanthropic in contrast with utterly dehumanizing the foe.

Thus, without challenging Mr. Fisher's first premise, that *The Star-Spangled Banner* as our national anthem is less than ideal, I contest the remainder of his argument: that it should be replaced by a work of art that is the joint product of poets and musicians. But there is small excuse for worry. Intellectuality will never create a genuine national anthem, which is essentially a battle-cry; and there is basic wisdom in the observation of the German general who opposed education of the soldiers because, he said, if the army were intelligent it wouldn't fight.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As several other correspondents have referred to the author as "he," it may be noted that Renee is not only "she," but also Mrs. Milton Fisher.*

"THE GIFT OUTRIGHT," what a grand theme for a new national anthem! Or as it starts—"This land is ours"—and Robert Frost is certainly one who would have fitted all the requirements of a new national anthem writer. Unfortunately he is gone, but may not his "This land is ours" serve as the title of a new anthem? Assuming that there is a "Case for a New National Anthem."

Renee B. Fisher presented her case well. But even if there should be a new anthem written and music for it composed, Renee Fisher doesn't say how the hundred years behind it are to be erased—they just can't be and won't be. There are some things that are untouchable. We might just as well try to get national acceptance of a new Wedding March. There is national and ah, yes, universal acceptance of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. I'm sure the attempt to change it won't be any more successful than was the attempt to change the name of Sixth Avenue in New York. There are two things I'd like to see left strictly as they are—our national anthem and the Grand Canyon.

FREDERICK KELLERMAN.

Irvington, N.J.

I AM one American who still gets tears in her eyes when the national anthem is played! Renee B. Fisher's article speaks for the modern motto, "action for action's sake." Shall we move the capital from Washington, D.C.? After all, it got there because of a "deal" between Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.

DEE HILL.

Lexington, Ky.

I'M AFRAID I can't share Renee B. Fisher's confidence that the national anthem can be changed, if only because I live in Chicago. Not long ago the management of Comisky Park began having *God Bless America* played before White Sox games instead of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, on the grounds that it was more singable. Loud was the outcry, and finally the beleaguered management took a poll of White Sox patrons. *The Star-Spangled Banner* won by a landslide.

DAPHNE DAUME.

Chicago, Ill.

YOURS IS a cultural review—always questing truth, upsetting old ideas, ridding us of our misconceptions. Well then, let's get rid of the idea that our national anthem is unsingable. Mrs. Fisher and the critics she quotes—many of whom should know better—no doubt base their assertions on the fact that the anthem is widely unsung, in order to support their arguments against its patriotic suitability.

It *is* widely unsung, because it must be publicly sung by people who are naturally embarrassed to sing *any* song or display *any* patriotic emotion in public. But we believe the song is a suitable historic symbol of our country's everlasting, always militant, struggle for freedom. We know and can prove the range of the tune is singable by any voice, soprano to bass.

MRS. FAY N. ZACHARY,
JUNE R. GRACE.

Rockville, Md.

RENEE B. FISHER'S diligent research into promoters of official recognition of *The Star-Spangled Banner* as our national anthem omits to mention Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway of Baltimore. Perhaps it was the patriotic noise she kept up for years in the very home of the song, Maryland, and before congressional committees, that signalized her as chief champion in the eyes of local residents. Those of us whose notions otherwise were anathema to her were ready to believe she stood with Francis Scott Key as he inscribed his ecstatic stanzas. She was Mrs. Constitution, Mrs. Uncle Sam, Mrs. Statue of Liberty, daughter of all the wars America ever fought. I trust she is alive and hale. If not, she curses—yes, curses—your author from above.

The verses may be too occasional, the crucial notes may be too high. No matter. Nobody who witnessed her fierce perseverance to success can ever utter other words or surrender to another tune when the national anthem is in order.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

New York, N.Y.

MRS. FISHER is mistaken; a national anthem is not a hit tune, which can be written like a popular song and approved by committee or "voting." Any anthem worthy of the name is an inspired work conceived in a crucial period and popularly adopted as the common feeling of the people (e.g. the *Marseillaise*).

The Bill of Rights wasn't made into law because it would be easy to fulfil. Similarly *The Star-Spangled Banner* is a paean to liberty and bravery, to be sung by heroes in the unending struggle for freedom for all, not an easy song suitable for Sunday-school use.

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

MRS. FISHER'S ARTICLE is another symptom of one of the basic ills of our country, a desire to make everything easy. She writes as if she believes a national anthem could come out of a computer. Perhaps if she waits, the prevailing, if unofficial, national anthem will be formally recognized. It is the constant refrain, "Do not fold, bend, spindle or mutilate."

JOHN L. SUTLIVE.

Savannah, Ga.

YOUR ARTICLE proposing a new national anthem was the most extraordinary piece of non-logic I've yet read in a nationally reputable journal. I next expect an article calling for a new Constitution (because it is doubtful that more than a half million people voted, by representatives, for its adoption), and chucking the eagle because he isn't as nice and lovable as, say, a singing canary.

The mandate to eliminate the old anthem

(*Continued on page 59*)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Baerwald: Quintets Nos. 1 and 2. Benthien Quartet, with Robert Rifling, piano. Nonesuch 1113, $2.50; stereo H 71113, $2.50.	Baerwald fans (and there must be more than a few of them to judge from the continuing production of his works) are apt to find these additions to the list more satisfying, if less provocative, than some predecessors. By distinction with the symphonies of the 1840s, in which he was a kind of aural litmus paper reacting to all the stimuli around him, in these Quintets of 1853 and 1856, Baerwald has come to a full realization of his own personality in works that have a good deal of charm but less of the unexpected sallies in this direction and that, which are attention-provoking in the earlier works. Yet, as in those predecessors, Baerwald's assortment of derivations is decidedly his own, with more of a hangover from Hummel than, perhaps, would be true of any other composer who was, in 1853, four years older than the century. The blend with Schumann makes for a mixture of lightness and substance which is admirably respected by the performers. Indeed, it is difficult to think of a pianist who could get more from Baerwald's patterns than the excellent Rifling, a musician of quality as well as a virtuoso of imposing resources. The ensemble is obviously bred of more than a passing encounter. Nonesuch has found some of the smallest type in the book to acknowledge that what is boldly proclaimed on the front cover as STEREO is, indeed, electronically enhanced—which is to say, spurious.
Kodály: "The Gypsy"; "Nights on the Mountain"; "Dancing Song"; "Fancy"; "Wainamoinen Makes Music": "King Ladislaus' Men"; "Psalm 150"; "Angels and Shepherds"; and "Whitsuntide." Bartók: "Breadbaking"; "Wandering"; "Bird Song"; and "Regret." Kodály Girls' Choir conducted by Ilona Andor. Angel 36334, $4.79; stereo S 36334, $5.79.	This is a real rarity in these days of endless duplication of musical materials: a disc in which what is performed is as uncommon as the order of performance. The first thing, certainly, that will strike the ear is the exceptional purity and discipline of the singing under the exacting leadership of Miss Andor. Rather than being selected from a cross-section of singing talent from all of Hungary, the teen-aged misses (thirteen to eighteen) are all students of the Leovei Klara School in Budapest. However, the present ensemble is not without a substantial heritage of its own, for as long ago as 1949, Kodály was sufficiently impressed to permit the group to bear his name. The one hereon recorded does substantial justice to his carefully contrived arrangements, likewise to Bartók's.
Mozart: Divertimento in D (K.334). Herbert van Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon 39 008, $4.79; stereo 139 008, $5.79.	Both the merits and the demerits of this performance are contained in the lines at left. The merits are very much related to the supervisory function of Karajan, who shapes everything to the model of Mozart in his mind. The demerits relate to the use of what sounds like most of the strings of the orchestra (no reference to "members of" in the credits) for a work which may best be played by the string quintet and two horns for which Mozart scored it. The result, whatever Karajan's capacity to thin out the string sound, is syrupy rather than merely sweet, unwieldy where it should be supple. In other respects, it is full of subtleties, but also its share of Karajanisms, such as the funereal pace for the first minuet, a movement which would hardly seem to invite any difference of opinion.
Mozart: Serenade in B flat, No. 10 (K.361). Otto Klemperer conducting the London Wind Quintet. Angel 36247, $4.79; stereo S 36247, $5.79.	In many ways, this is the best of the "conducted" versions of this work now available (a terminology to distinguish it from those in which the performers operate on their own). It benefits from the sharpness and precision imposed on the execution by Klemperer's high sense of rhythmic detail and tonal balance. It also benefits from some of his insights into texture, in the first and last movements in particular. However, for each benefit there is an offsetting detriment: for the precision of execution, a little dryness of statement; for the insights into texture, a dullness of impulse. Least attractive of all is the restraint imposed by Klemperer on the expressive urges of the players in the slow movements. Thus, for all its external polish and finesse, the performance strikes at vital factors in the reproductive process, thus diminishing by more than a little the vitality of the result. Excellent reproduction, in any case, of an effort which is illuminated by the sound of some of England's best wind players: Sidney Sutcliffe and Stanley Smith, oboes; Bernard Walton and Archibald Jacob, clarinets; Walter Lear and Wilfred Hambleton, basset horns; Gwydion Brooke and Ronald Waller, bassoons; Alan Civil, Ian Beers, Nicholas Busch and Patrick Stevens, horns; Vernon Elliot, double-bassoon; with J. Edward Merrett, double bass. The notes do not specify where the string bass doubles the bassoon, or whether it is used as an alternate.
Strauss: *Four Last Songs*; "Muttertändelei"; "Waldseligkeit"; "Zueignung"; "Freundliche Vision"; and "Die heiligen drei Könige." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Angel 36347, $4.79; stereo S 36347, $5.79.	So far as memory recalls or accessible records reveal, this is the first recorded collaboration of these two outstanding performers. The results, then, should be mathematically at least twice as "outstanding," and much of it is. The exceptions are, recurrently, where Miss Schwarzkopf tries to oversophisticate the already sophisticated—as in "September" and "Im Abendrot" of the *Four Last Songs* —and succeeds only in attracting more attention to her alterations of timbre and changes of tone color than to the material they are meant to serve. In the individual songs, she achieves excellent results in the light, playful character of "Muttertändelei" and in the sustained mood of "Waldseligkeit." However, "Zueignung" strikes me as much too slow, and "Freundliche Vision" as asking a more rapturous sound than Miss Schwarzkopf can provide. She and Szell are at their best in the rarely heard setting by Strauss of Heine's "Die heiligen drei Könige."
Wagner: "Dich teure Halle," "Allmächt'ge Jungfrau" *(Tannhäuser)*. Weber: "Ocean, thou mighty monster" *(Oberon)*; "Und ob die Wolke" *(Der Freischütz)*. Verdi: "Ernani, involami" (*Ernani*); "O patria mia" *(Aida)*; "D'amor sull'ali rosee" *(Il Trovatore)*. Nancy Tatum, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Argeo Quadri. London 5955, $4.79; stereo OS 25955, $5.79.	To judge from the list of contents enumerated, Miss Tatum is one of the contemporary breed of singer who admits no limitation. This, of course, is her prerogative, but it should also be her responsibility to equalize her scale, correct her sense of pitch, and develop a dependable technique in which at least half of the notes in any given aria would be in tune and properly sustained. In the current sample of her talents, barely any phrase of Wagner or Weber is cleanly and carefully articulated. What emerges, then, is a sense of dramatic purpose and a certain largeness of utterance offset by insufficiencies of support and focus. In the Italian material, an occasional searing top note suggests the order of effect she might achieve if her resources were under more consistent discipline. But it is also an indication that the free-wheeling, let-the-slips-fall-where-they-may kind of execution may already have carried Miss Tatum into deeper trouble than she can extricate herself from. I. K.

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Continued from page 57

is supposedly the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965 and its call to rest our claim to greatness not solely upon power but also upon nobility of spirit. But in this I cannot see even an implied mandate for a nation steeped in the spirit of liberty to forswear the proper use of power and the employment of its artistic symbols, including celebration of victory in battle.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.
Millerville, Pa.

MY HEARTFELT THANKS to Renee Fisher. I had long wondered whether I was a minority of one. For years, I have been scandalizing my college history students with my pungent remarks about *The Star-Spangled Banner* in which I point out not only its unsingability and its militarism but also the fact that it commemorates one of our most unjustified, inglorious, inept, and undecisive wars (a fact which certainly should not be forgotten but hardly needs to be hallowed in this fashion).

SALLY JEAN MARKS.
Providence, R.I.

I AGREE with Mrs. Fisher. The couplet, "And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air," tends to bolster the specious doctrine that fireworks, including the growing bootleg kind, are always patriotic. I hope that our song writers can come up with a dignified modern anthem without fireworks or glorification of the H-bomb.

EDWARD A. PRILL.
Fredricksburg, Texas

I AM much interested in Renee B. Fisher's viewpoint. During my travels in Asia and Africa I have often been embarrassed at the wording of our national anthem which, it seems to me, does not reflect adequately the American people's belief in peace and goodwill. My own choice is *America the Beautiful*. I think the suggestion of a national competition is a good one.

MRS. MARY CUSHING NILES.
Baltimore, Md.

FOR YEARS I have tried to get people interested in changing our national anthem. The best response was "Who Cares?" I am overjoyed that Renee B. Fisher cares. You can count me in for the campaign. *America the Beautiful* gets my vote.

RICHARD MICHAELS.
Hollywood, Calif.

HOORAY for *SR*! At long last I have had the privilege to read a stirring, fascinating article concerning our anthem.

JUDITH M. JAFFE.
Roosevelt, Long Island, N.Y.

MRS. FISHER omitted the most relevant fact. If bombs burst in air, our flag will not still be there—nothing will still be there.

ELEANOR CLIFT.
Atlanta, Ga.

THREE CHEERS for Renee B. Fisher. The case does need to go to court for the jurors to decide on a new national anthem. Yes, *The Star-Spangled Banner* is spangled with warlike tones and this was never so evident to me, and many of my military peers, until we recently saw a film *A Free People* prepared for military audiences. This film did not present our national anthem. It presented to us twenty minutes of views of our country. It really brought out the true meaning of America to us.

ROBERT E. COWARD,
CMSgt,
USAF.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

IT CERTAINLY would be good to have a national anthem we could be proud of, one which wouldn't have us rushing to turn off the radio and TV to avoid hearing it.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES L. EVANS.
Pavilion, N.Y.

ONE OF the big jokes about the national anthem is that the music was originally that of an English tavern song, written especially to show off the prowess of various professional (perhaps "amateur" is the better word) tenors. Hence, its "unsingability" for the average man or woman.

As to the words, they were adapted by Key himself to a new set of circumstances (the bombardment of Fort McHenry) from other words he had written about a decade earlier commemorating Decatur's victory over the Barbary Pirates. Key himself was tone deaf.

ROBERT KENILWORTH.
Aiken, S.C.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I viewed the nationally televised boxing matches. Without doubt, the most grueling contest was the one which immediately preceded the main bout, for it was then that some hapless contender invariably fought the losing battle with the national anthem.

JAMES GALAS.
San Diego, Calif.

Listen!

Which comes first when you buy your hi-fi components?

It probably doesn't matter how you go about it as long as you end up with:

1. Compatible components.
2. A system that sounds good to you.

It makes sense to start with the loudspeakers. In many ways, the speakers you choose will greatly determine the quality of sound that your system is capable of delivering.

The speaker system should be tailored to the listening area. If you do this first, it can guide you in the selection of the other components—tuner, amplifier, record player or tape recorder.

Obviously, you'll want to put the whole system together and hear the sound before you leave your dealer's showroom.

One word of caution. Don't skimp on speaker quality. You can't hide poor quality speakers in a system. Sooner or later you'll hear the difference.

Your Jensen dealer will help you put together a balanced hi-fi system—one that sounds good to you. Stop in today and listen.

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Music Wherever . . .

AS MORE AND MORE FM stations have sprung up to cover more and more areas of this country, a growing number and variety of FM receivers have become available. In the area of portable FM receivers this growth has been truly remarkable, perhaps ten-fold in the past three years.

FM's advantages account for much of this activity. FM is free of static and other interference problems under all but the most adverse conditions; FM's greater frequency range permits high-fidelity broadcasting and listening; and FM programing is usually more intelligent and interesting than what is available on the AM broadcast band.

During the past few years, improvements in transistor technology have made possible radios that take better and better advantage of FM's superior quality while weighing and costing less, and taking up less space. There are now portables for every purse and purpose that will satisfy the discerning ear—and the discerning eye as well, for the styling of most quality portables is functional, restrained, and attractive.

Since AM broadcasting lacks the frequency range of FM, and is more subject to interference, few AM portables offer amplifiers so high in power, speakers as large and covering so wide a frequency range, and tone control facilities as elaborate as those found on their FM counterparts. Of the fifteen FM portables in the table below, eight offer one watt or more of audio output power (as opposed to the one in ten in *SR's* 1963 portable FM survey), and three provide separate bass and treble controls, while only one did three years ago.

Tone quality—important to the FM listener—can only be judged by listening to several radios and comparing them; but there are a few guidelines that indicate roughly which radios can be expected to sound good, and which not quite so good.

Size—both of speaker and case—is one. The bigger the radio and its

Brand and Model:	*Price:*	*Weight:*	*Audio output:*	*Speaker size:*	*Tone quality:*	*Special Features:*
Blaupunkt Riviera	$160	10 lbs	2 watts	4" x 6"	excellent	a,b,c,e,l,i,j; 3 pre-set station selector buttons on FM
CBS Masterwork 2862	22.50	2/3 lbs.		2¼"	acceptable	pocket-size
Bynaco B&O Beolit 700	120	8 lbs	1½ watts	5" x 9"	excellent	c,d,e,f,i; SW covers 49-meter band only, expanded 49-meter scale
Heathkit GR-61	45	3 lbs	¼ watt	4" x 6"	good	FM only; available only in kit form.; d,h,
Hitachi KH-970H	40	1½ lbs	¼ watt	2½"	fair	a,g; large pocket size
Lafayette Criterion I	25	3½ lbs	½ watt	4"	good	Lowest-priced unit tested
Motorola TP 11C	65	5 lbs	½ watt	4"	very good	built-in a.c.; a,d,h
Nordmende Transita Royal	90	5 lbs	2 watts		good	a,b,d,e,h,j; available with teak finish for $10 extra
Norelco L-544	120	5½ lbs	1 watt	5" x 7"	good	d,e,f,h,j
Panasonic RF-2000	80	3 lbs	2 watts	3½"	fair	a,g; signal-seeking auto-tuning
Sony 2F-23W	40	1/3 lb	1/10 watt	2"	acceptable	pocket size; smallest unit tested
Tandberg "Auto"	145	6 lbs	1 watt	3" x 5½"	excellent	a,b,e,f,i,j; teak-wood cabinet
Telefunken Bajazzo "Sport"	110	7 lbs	1 watt		good	a,b,e,h,j; expanded 49-meter band
Zenith Royal 810	50	1½ lbs	1/10 watt	2¾"	fair	large pocket-size; a,d, metal cabinet
Grundig Music Boy	60	5 lbs	2 watts		good	a,e,f,h

Key to Special Features:

a) a.c. power adapter available. b) automobile adapter available. c) battery/tuning meter. d) switched AFC. e) includes short-wave coverage. f) long-wave coverage. g) two-position, switched tone control. h) variable, single-knob tone control. i) separate, variable, bass and treble controls. j) dial lighting.

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speaker, the more full and rich the bass can be—and in well-made radios, the treble will be extended to match it. The tiny speakers and component-crammed cases of the pocket radios militate against good tone quality but through earphones even these can give surprisingly good results.

AUDIO output is another indicator; the more power an amplifier has, the louder it can play without objectionable distortion. One of the radios listed below, the Telefunken, automatically raises its power output level when installed in its automobile adapter. But there are no standards of measurement for portable radio output power, so the numbers are not directly comparable: one manufacturer's 2.2 watts may be another's watt-and-a-half.

The more versatile the tone controls provided, the better the listener can adjust the sound to suit his preferences. Some radios have no tone controls at all, others a "high-low" switch that cuts treble response when interference or distortion are affecting reception; still others have a continuously variable tone control, and increasing numbers have separate controls for bass and treble.

The number of transistors is virtually meaningless as an indicator of anything. What matters is the quality of the transistors and other components used, and the excellence of the design.

The quality of a radio's tuning section is harder to assess than that of its audio circuits and speaker, but a few quick checks can be performed in the store. Try to compare several radios at once, with their Automatic Frequency Control switches (if any) off. If possible, try them in several widely spaced points within the room. The radio that picks up the most stations, with the least variation in signal strength as it is moved about, is probably the best. Watch for "cross-modulation," the undesirable presence of a strong, local station on two or three points around the dial. Make sure the batteries in the set you're checking out are new—weak batteries will seriously degrade a radio's performance.

Many radios incorporate battery-checking meters, which usually double as tuning indicators. Power-line adapters, whether accessory or built-in, will lengthen battery life. Most quality portables house their batteries in isolated or removable cases, to limit damage to the radio should a battery leak—but in any case, it pays to check batteries whenever performance seems to wane, and remove them if the radio is to be stored for any length of time.

AS the trend to FM in automobiles grows, more and more portables are adaptable to automobile use with accessory brackets for under-the-dash mounting. Such brackets usually include a lock to prevent theft of the radio, and automatic connection to the automobile's battery, antenna, and speaker. One such portable, the Blaupunkt Riviera, has three pre-set station selector buttons (like most car radios), a boon to the driver. Panasonic has announced an auto-adaptable portable with automatic, signal-seeking tuning that hunts for the next station whenever a button is pushed (the Panasonic RF-2000 in our table is not adaptable for automobiles, though it, too, has signal-seeking).

FM and AM programing, already different in philosophy and content will become still further divorced as a new FCC ruling takes effect: AM-FM stations in areas of more than 100,000 population may no longer devote more than half their FM programing to material broadcast over their AM channel. Music seems about to dominate the FM airwaves, talk the AM. For those wishing to hear both, virtually all FM portables (the Heathkit GR-61 appears to be the sole exception) receive the AM broadcast band.—IVAN BERGER.

"The Village Lane Theater! A happening is spilling out into the street."

Saratoga

Continued from page 50

portant contributions to get the project going. Other supporters and contributors include such racing names as Whitney, Payson, Widener, and Phipps among the many, many, more anonymous ones.

There is, of course, nothing at all ignoble in the objectives stated above. Indeed, other sponsors might have sought to accomplish the same results by putting in a dog track to supplement by night what the horses do by day (during August), or by devising a way to provide year-round skiing. It is something of a compliment to ballet and symphonic music that it has been esteemed enough of a lure for a big enough public to fulfil the hoped-for ends on behalf of the reservation and Saratoga Springs.

WHETHER it all works out that way remains to be heard, as well as seen. The primary audience for the Center is centered in the Albany-Troy-Schenectady triangle, none much more than an easy after-dinner drive. They have, together, perhaps half a million inhabitants. But the scheduling of events on Tuesdays and Wednesdays as well as the days nearer the weekend may be more than this public can sustain. New Yorkers can reach Saratoga in a little more than four hours by car, via the Thruway and its spur called the Northway, which offer a course of 185 miles without a single red light. This makes for an inviting week-end prospect, especially at the present time, when Saratoga Springs is reminiscent of Great Barrington and Stockbridge before the Boston Symphony boom. But the other dates have their leaner prospects, especially where a total of more than twenty ballet performances have been scheduled in less than a month.

All this is a matter for the future to determine. The present facts are that the Saratoga Performing Arts Center is a fine facility, a major addition to the musical and theatrical resources of the country, and one that is worth traveling miles and spending days to enjoy. Perhaps such an opera enterprise as the Metropolitan's National Company would be a wise addition to the drawing power of ballet. Or, better still, a high quality festival of a sort that the American opera audience has not been offered in the summer. Such possibilities as a Bayreuth-in-America or a Salzburg-*bei*-Saratoga are suggested by the resources embodied in the structure. Doubtless it will take some time, and money. In these particular circumstances, both would seem to be available in almost equal amounts.

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Time-Life Baroque

FOR THE RECORD we wish to correct some misstatements of fact, and answer some strictures passed by Paul Henry Lang in your issue of April 30. He was writing about *The Baroque Era*, a collection of recordings with a text by Frederic V. Grunfeld, produced by Time-Life Records as an album in its *Story of Great Music*.

1) Dr. Lang: ". . . the recordings themselves . . . are all old items culled from the Angel catalogue; they were reviewed years ago . . . ." Except for two duets lasting less than five minutes, none of the music on Side 1, by Henry Purcell, was available on the Angel label before this month, more than three months after *The Baroque Era;* the recording of the Telemann Concerto was released in the United States only last fall, as were those of the compositions representing Couperin, Rameau, and Scarlatti; the selections from *Messiah* are from a recording released here last September.

2) Dr. Lang takes us to task for not including "Monteverdi, Lully, Alessandro Scarlatti, Schütz, Carissimi, Buxtehude and all the others." The composers selected total nine men. With only eight sides available for music, we reserved Monteverdi and company for a separate volume on late Renaissance and early baroque composers.

3) Dr. Lang quotes the text as saying, "The inception of the baroque era in music is dated later than the onset of this style in other arts," which he interprets to mean, as he puts it, that "Time & Life researchers [are] thus passing on to the innocent reader the long discredited idea that music always limps after the other arts at a distance of the better part of a century." The text does not include any version of "the long discredited idea." It does say that some "historians of architecture . . . say that the Gesù Church in Rome, finished around 1580, heralded the baroque in building. Music critics think of baroque as opening with the first performance of . . . Peri's *Dafne*, in 1597 . . ." From 1580 to 1597 is not "the better part of a century."

4) Dr. Lang objects that "The Baroque Era" has no example of Italian opera of the period. Baroque opera gets few performances these days. Recordings of baroque instrumental music and oratorios are available by the hundreds but there are fewer than thirty baroque operas on records, many of them excerpts only, many monaural only.

5) Dr. Lang says that the excerpts from Handel's *Messiah* "are atypical both for Handel and the genre." The text does not say that they were typical either for Handel or the genre.

6) Dr. Lang: "Thus even Bach, who did not write operas so designated, composed operatic music aplenty. If the reader is not made aware of this essential operatic-dramatic quality in baroque music he misses the key to the whole period." From the text: "The most baroque form of baroque theater was the Italian opera." And: "The *St. Matthew* . . . in provincial Leipzig . . . was judged too theatrical." And: "Bach . . . used all the musical resources . . . to create a superbly dramatic presentation."

7) Dr. Lang objects to Mr. Grunfeld's associating the "*serenata* of the baroque . . . with the serenade and divertimento . . . and . . . the romantic *Ständchen*." From Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians:* "Serenade: (Fr. *sérénade;* German *Ständchen;* Ital. *serenata*—evening song, from Ital. *sera*). The word has been applied, indiscriminately, to many different kinds of music intended to be sung or played at nightfall in the open air . . ."

8) Dr. Lang quotes: "The baroque composer . . . did not have to calculate his counterpoint . . ." Then he asks: "Does [Mr. Grunfeld] really believe that such tremendous polyphonic structures as, say, the *Clavierübung*, were improvised without careful and lengthy studies"? Mr. Grunfeld does not so believe, and did not so write. He did write: "When Bach gave demonstrations on the organ, he would improvise with ease a fugue combining two or three different themes in ten or even twenty different ways." Bach's biographer Forkel, for one, describes these improvisations.

9) Dr. Lang: ". . . to state that [Handel] had 'no sense of showmanship' is really amusing." Handel went broke more than once running a theater in London. As Dr. Lang writes in his own *Music in Western Civilization:* "He proceeded to turn out operas with a supreme disregard for public demand." A man with a "sense of showmanship" and a desire to make money, as Handel had, would hardly run his theater with "a supreme disregard for public demand."

10) Dr. Lang asks: "What is meant by saying that Bach was 'much in demand as a visiting soloist'? Did he travel around to play concertos with the nonexistent Dresden or Berlin Philharmonic?" No. A common definition of the word soloist is "one who performs a solo." A solo is defined by Webster's as "a composition for a single voice or instrument with or without accompaniment."

11) Dr. Lang says it is incorrect to say that the so-called Passion Chorale of the *St. Matthew* is based on a Martin Luther hymn. He is right. It was a mistake to rely, as we did in this instance, on a discussion of the *St. Matthew* by William Mann, music critic of *The Times* of London.

12) "Sheer inventive poetry" is Dr. Lang's description of a discussion of the lost correspondence between Couperin and Bach. Says Wilfred Mellers in *Francois Couperin and the French Classical Tradition:* ". . . we know that Couperin had a long correspondence about musical matters with Bach . . ."

13) Dr. Lang: "The book says that Walther's *Lexikon* (1732) devoted a meager three lines to Bach—the entry is actually almost a column long." The book actually states: "*The Musiklexikon* published in Germany in 1737 devoted a meager three lines to Johann Sebastian Bach." The reference is not to Walther's 1732 *Lexikon*, as Dr. Lang unjustifiably assumes, but to the musical dictionary published five years later by Johann Stoessel. Here Bach did get only three lines.

WILLIAM JAY GOLD,
Editor,
Time-Life Records.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Lang replies: Mr. Gold's "corrections for the record" are scarcely sufficient to outweigh or to controvert the facts as stated in my review.*

1) I concede that some *of the Angel recordings are more recent than I thought, but nothing is said in answer to my major objection, which pertained to selection and quality.*

2) So there will be another volume devoted to late Renaissance and early baroque music; that's fine, but only the first man of the "company" falls into this period. We shall have Monteverdi but still no trace of "Lully, Scarlatti, Schütz, Carissimi, Buxtehude, and all the others," who belong to the era treated by the release under discussion.

3) A stylistic era does not open with one evening's performance. This sort of thing is exactly what I object to, because it misleads the uninstructed reader. No qualified historian of music would state that the "baroque opened with the first performance of Peri's 'Dafne' in 1597." He would say that the baroque era lasted roughly from about 1600 to about 1740, with a clearly perceptible trend from circa 1550, and with echoes still present till about 1760. Now the Time & Life booklet expressly states that the baroque era in music started later than in the other arts, and the fact remains that the earliest example of baroque music given on these recordings dates from 1692, which assuredly adds up to "a distance of the better part of a century."

4) To say that baroque opera "gets few performances these days" is no defense for excluding it. One cannot disavow history by pleading an unenlightened musical practice. And by the way, the New York City Opera will open its next season with a baroque opera!

5) The text does not say that 'Messiah' is atypical but its selection implies that it is one of the best available examples of the oratorio. What other conclusions could the reader come to?

6) We are entirely in agreement that "the most baroque form of baroque theater was the Italian opera." But it was much more than that: opera was the foundation of baroque musical thought. My review acknowledged that "Mr. Grunfeld rightfully calls the 'St. Matthew Passion' dramatic, but fails to enlighten his readers concerning the principal ingredients of this music—recitative, arioso, aria, ensemble—

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all of which come from opera." These were deliberately introduced from Venetian opera into the German cantata and Passion by the reform librettists around 1700. Had the book mentioned Schütz, the towering figure among the "biblical" composers, this essential departure from the old German Passion could have been brought out.

7) Mr. Gold's quotation from Grove's "Dictionary" is most appropriate: the word serenade has indeed often been applied "indiscriminately." The text does exactly that.

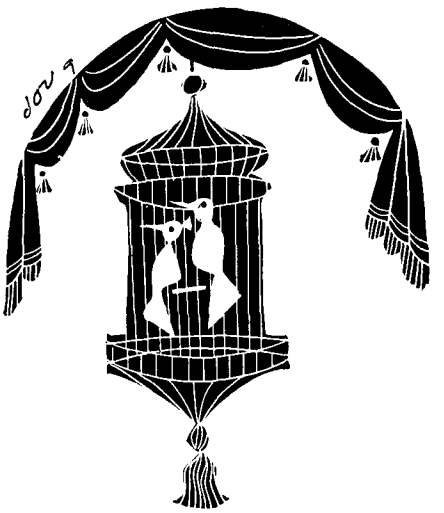
8) Mr. Grunfeld stated that "the baroque composer did not have to calculate his counterpoint any more than a jazz trumpeter today has to think out his part." The passage Mr. Gold quotes deals with improvisation at the keyboard*—quite a different thing. What a composer improvises on the spur of the moment* for the moment *has little resemblance to a finished,* written *composition. One of the greatest improvisers among baroque composers was Handel, yet the Fitzwilliam Museum has reams of his sketches and plans for his written works.*

9) What I said in my book referred to a genre, Italian opera, which was uncongenial to the English; the statement had nothing to do with Handel's qualities as a showman. Elsewhere I made it plain that he was a born showman-entertainer with the theater in his blood. The victory oratorios and those splendid dynastic-national shows he put on in "the parish church of the British Empire," St. Paul's Cathedral, with the drums rolling and the trumpets blaring, were veritable "spectaculars."

10) Why does Mr. Gold not mention some of the places and occasions where Bach appeared as a visiting "Soloist"? Historical facts cannot be refuted by quoting definitions from Webster.

12) Does not Mr. Gold's research staff corroborate evidence? Even Grove's "Dictionary" has plenty of mistakes, and crossbearings are absolutely necessary. I do not know where Mr. Mellers (a good writer) got his information, but it is not vouched for by any source in the vast literature. An unconfirmed anecdote should never be presented as a historical fact.

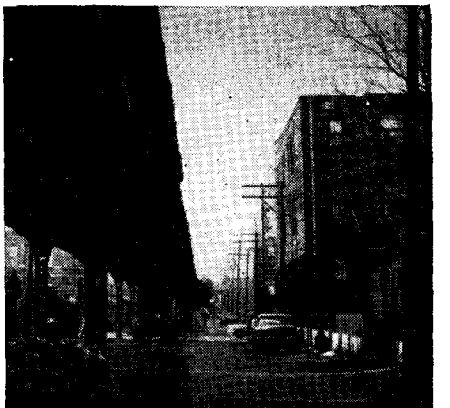
13) I imputed at least a minimal knowledge to the album's researchers, naturally assuming that "the Musiklexikon" referred to was Walther's "Lexicon," the first and most important such compilation in the baroque era. Stoessel is such a minor figure that he is not even listed in the modern reference manuals. This inconsequential worthy, who made a poor abstract of Walther's "Lexicon," was quoted to prove how little attention was paid to Bach. That, of course, is the old romantic nonsense, for he was well regarded in professional circles. Walther actually planned a much longer entry than the column I mentioned, but the Weimar censor, still indignant about Bach's brusque departure, would not permit it. I have left Item No. 11 until last, for in it Mr. Gold acknowledges one mistake from



among the many, but his defense at once exposes the basic fault of the entire enterprise. Mr. Gold himself furnishes a striking lesson on the importance of reading the relevant scholarly literature, and of never relying on unconfirmed secondary sources. One would think that instead of the London "Times," the researchers would have dipped into Bukofzer's fine "Music in the Baroque Era," or ascertained the Passion chorale's story from Terry's excellent volume on the chorales. Both of these works can be found in almost any library.

This whole matter raises uneasy reflections that such a piece of writing should have gone through the editorial staff of a great publishing organization without being challenged, and that they even attempt to defend both their course of action and the contents and quality of their publication.

—PAUL HENRY LANG.



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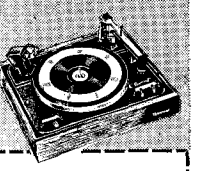

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Polish Music

Continued from page 52

1950, and the original, as always, is far more rewarding.

Kazimierz Serocki, born in 1922 and one of the instigators of the Autumn Festival, studied in Paris with Boulanger, and he, too, seems hell-bent on denying it. On hearing his *Propositions for Piano* one feels that his persuasion is more in the direction of Messiaen or Webern. Very stylish but anonymous. But he is quite a pianist! His *Symphonic Frescoes* (1964), which calls for a huge orchestra including an oversized percussion section, two harps, two pianos, mandolin, and guitar, makes use of his forces lavishly, and, while partially pointillistic, avoids the pickiness one so often finds in similar current works. He tackles his forces with verve, and the piece sparkles and shines. His preoccupation with novel sounds, while intriguing, grows wearisome. But that is a minor fault; it is a full, good, eleven minutes worth of music.

Henryk Gorecki, born in 1933, is rated high by his critics and colleagues. His *Elements for Three Strings* (1965) recorded by the Ensemble Instrumental Nouvelles of Brussels is only a partially successful experiment in chromatic *glissandi* and petulant *vibrati* built on quite overly simplified musicless material. It alternately scrubs about and glides like a siren being wounded by the Doppler effect. One long microtonal glissando sounds just like any other, and this mannered usage palls very quickly. Recorded during the 1964 Festival, his *Chorus I for Strings* is a richly sonorous work for twenty-four violins, twelve violas, twelve celli, and eight basses. His use of massed strings is marked by the same crudity as that of Penderecki, and though some of the microtonal sliding suggests the music of Harry Partch and the wildly compounded musical strands that Ives weaves together—or should one say weaves apart?—it regrettably does not sustain interest. What Gorecki takes about eighteen minutes to say might have benefited enormously had it been said in half the time. Its mortal sin is redundance, for though it begins promisingly, it ends up being a tiresome bore.

Among the older composers Michal Spisak, born in 1914 in Dabrowa, Gornicza, was highly gifted. His *Symphonie Concertante*, splendidly recorded by the (East) Berlin Symphony conducted by Sanderling, is a bright rear-guard work that smacks of Werner Egk—and that is meant to be a compliment, for it has the orchestral élan that Egk gave to his popular *French Suite*. The other abiding spirit seems to have been France. And no wonder! He migrated to Paris in 1937 and remained there until his death in 1965. The *Symphonie* sounds particularly fresh when one has had what may be almost an overdose of his more radical younger colleagues; it is conventional but finely wrought.

"Good heavens! Our TV repair man was held up on the street last night and robbed of eight thousand dollars!"

Military Power

Continued from page 22

creased trade will not only reduce tension, but will increase the standard of living and improve the social and economic prospects of people wherever the trading is done.

Conspicuous by its absence from this discussion is the problem of the unification of Germany. It should be absent, for until economic and political relations between Western Europe and the Soviet bloc are improved, there is little prospect of finding an acceptable reunification formula.

In the past two decades, the world has changed from a community of many independent nations, frequently remote from one another, to one small world community. It will look with great apprehension on any indiscriminate use of military power. In the meantime, from an unprecedented abundance of scientific and technological knowledge, man has acquired the potential for tremendous good and tremendous harm. This new knowledge must be channeled into the areas where the greatest good for the most can be realized; to help our Great Society at home and to help the emerging nations abroad. The most influential force in world affairs today is the economy of the United States. It should be sustained and enriched as a matter of sound strategic policy.

Tactical engagements that do occur should not be permitted to grow as uncontrollably as a malignant cancer. Fighting will certainly occur, from time to time, at any point along the abrasive interface between the Communist nations and the Free World. Our power must be used to persuade those who seek to improve their position through aggressive attacks upon their neighbors that they will be deterred and cannot possibly succeed. Concurrently, we should make clear our intention and ability to maintain a dominant position in global affairs. Our global power must be exercised with restraint and wisdom. At a time of Great Britain's greatness, Disraeli said, "All power is a trust—and we are accountable for its exercise." Now, we too are accountable, not only to the American people but to people of the world community of nations.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4 ("How Pleasant to Know Mr. Lear"), 9 ("Tobermory"), 7 ("The Black Cat"), 1 (*Alice in Wonderland*), 8 (*Macbeth*), 2 (*Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*), 5 (*Archy and Mehitabel*), 6 ("Puss in Boots"), 10 ("The Cat and the Moon"), 3 ("The Cat Who Walked by Himself").

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ALASKAN MALAMUTE PUPPIES, Yukon King bloodline, available August. Superb country dogs! Josephine Murray, Boxford, Massachusetts.

FOR SALE: Violin made by Petrus Mantegatia 1788. Superb tone, condition. Box T-765.

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AUTHOR, EDITOR Spanish English publications 8 years, Latin America and U.S., wants book-travel-editing assignment for 1967. Box T-754.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1686

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the collections from which Yeats got the "embroideries" for the coat of his song (*A Coat*, 1914).	123 60 111 86 14 176 169 80 33
B. Clean by wiping.	38 61 64 73 57 163 107 204
C. Art of expressive speech which was for Milton's *Comus* "gay," for Shakespeare's *Longaville* (*Love's Labour's Lost*) "heavenly."	88 151 159 205 138 124 10 193
D. Specifying the act which had the humble job of opening the show in old vaudeville.	157 36 170 183 166 63 140 5 90
E. One who intrudes.	167 46 128 89 3 181 135
F. Legman.	6 152 74 131 203 59 174 195
G. By the very nature of the case (2 Lat. wds.).	120 143 68 160 192 109 77 141 113
H. Specifying illumination such as the electric or gas-burning varieties.	31 187 85 121 177 25 13 145
I. To drink familiarly (with another).	37 94 71 79 191 42
J. Poured out freely; to dispense.	69 184 95 82 44 132
K. Specifying the vicious elephant which separates from the herd and roams alone.	93 76 83 101 47
L. One of the Finno-Ugric languages, highly inflected, related to Livonian, etc.	97 149 133 195 15 127 29 117
M. Specifying a *box* used in the Lifesaving Service for a line attached to a shot.	161 185 103 45 39 8
N. Colloq. compound for quite simple, obvious.	154 178 62 23 99 136 198 65 172 9 96
O. Specifying the sort of war which, Ruskin said, is protracted with lent money (*The Crown of Wild Olive*).	72 105 1 134 49 206
P. Describing a sky clear of wind-driven, high cloud masses.	156 201 24 115 30 12 28 137
Q. Traditional domestic characterization of Monday in America.	180 162 34 75 11 164 52
R. Genus of the S American palm which yields both an edible fruit and oil.	179 92 98 194 189 32 130 18 139 199
S. (Parent birds) specially prepare food for nestlings.	182 84 202 125 21 4 108 168 35 150 197
T. A traveler's personal equipment.	119 56 7 106 81 118 19
U. Entertain derogatory opinion of.	70 190 148 17 175 48 122
V. Course of malicious destruction, or obstructing the regular process of production.	53 78 165 144 91 22 158 188
W. The vaudeville theater of England (2 wds.).	58 2 146 207 153 51 16 112 102
X. Balance.	173 55 155 27 200 114 104 67 147
Y. A manifestation of divinity.	129 50 116 186 100 20 110 41
Z. Said of any person or thing especially retentive, holding fast.	171 65 126 87 40 54 142 43 26

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 O	2 W	3 E	4 S	5 D	6 F	7 T		8 M	9 N	10 C	11 Q	12 P	13 H		14 A	15 L								
16 W	17 U	18 R	19 T	20 Y	21 S	22 V	23 N	24 P	25 H	26 Z		27 X	28 P		29 L	30 P	31 H							
32 R	33 A	34 Q		35 S		36 D	37 I	38 B	39 M	40 Z	41 Y		42 I	43 Z	44 J	45 M	46 E							
47 K	48 U	49 O		50 Y	51 W	52 Q	53 V	54 Z	55 X	56 T	57 B		58 W	59 F	60 A		61 B							
62 N		63 D	64 B	65 N	66 Z	67 X	68 G	69 J	70 U		71 I	72 O	73 B		74 F	75 Q	76 K							
	77 G	78 V	79 I		80 A	81 T	82 J	83 K	84 S		85 H	86 A	87 Z	88 C	89 E	90 D	91 V							
92 R	93 K		94 I	95 J	96 N	97 L	98 R		99 N		100 Y	101 K	102 W	103 M	104 X	105 O	106 T							
	107 B	108 S	109 G	110 Y	111 A		112 W	113 G	114 X	115 P	116 Y	117 L	118 T		119 T	120 G	121 H							
122 U		123 A	124 C		125 S	126 Z	127 L	128 E	129 Y	130 R	131 F	132 J		133 L	134 O	135 E	136 N							
137 P		138 C	139 R	140 D		141 G	142 Z		143 G	144 V	145 H	146 W	147 X	148 U	149 L		150 S							
151 C	152 F		153 W	154 N	155 X	156 P	157 D	158 V	159 C		160 G	161 M		162 Q		163 B	164 Q							
165 V	166 D	167 E	168 S		169 A	170 D		171 Z	172 N	173 X		174 F	175 U	176 A	177 H		178 N							
179 R	180 Q	181 E	182 S		183 D	184 J		185 M		186 Y	187 H	188 V	189 R	190 U		191 I	192 G							
	193 C	194 R	195 L	196 F	197 S	198 N		199 R	200 X	201 P	202 S	203 F	204 B	205 C	206 O	207 W								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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